☆ June 19, 1948

THE NEW YORKER

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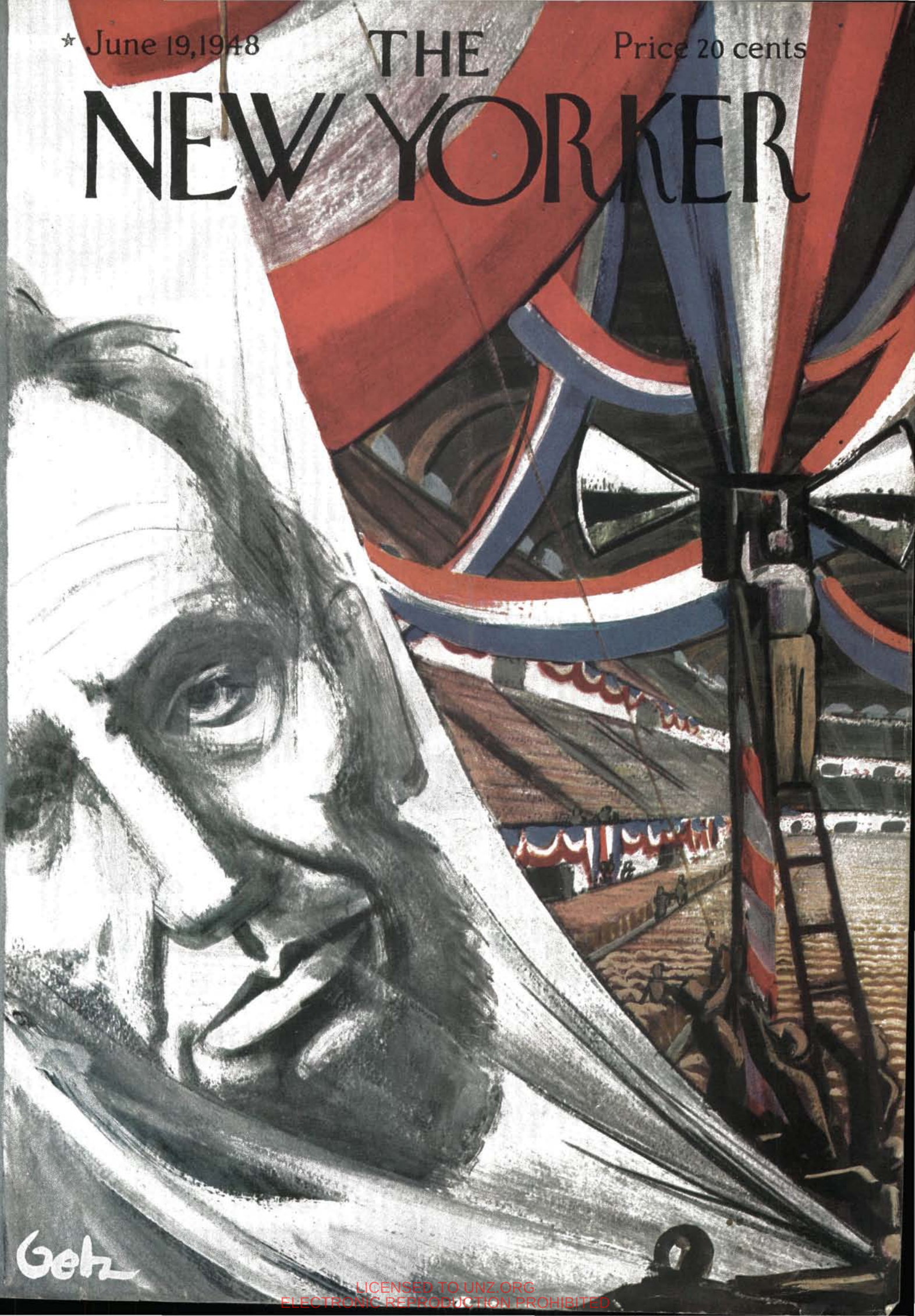

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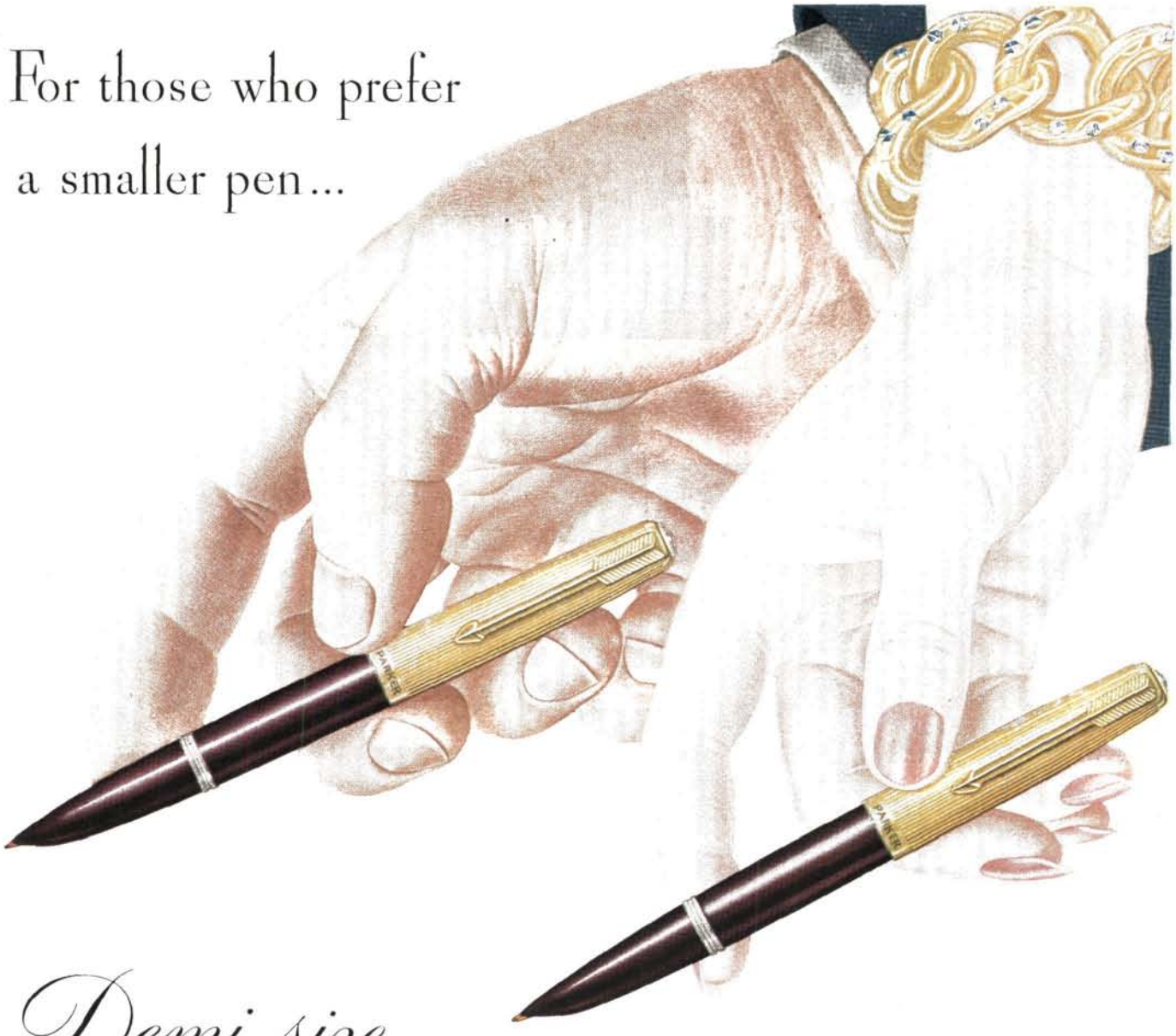

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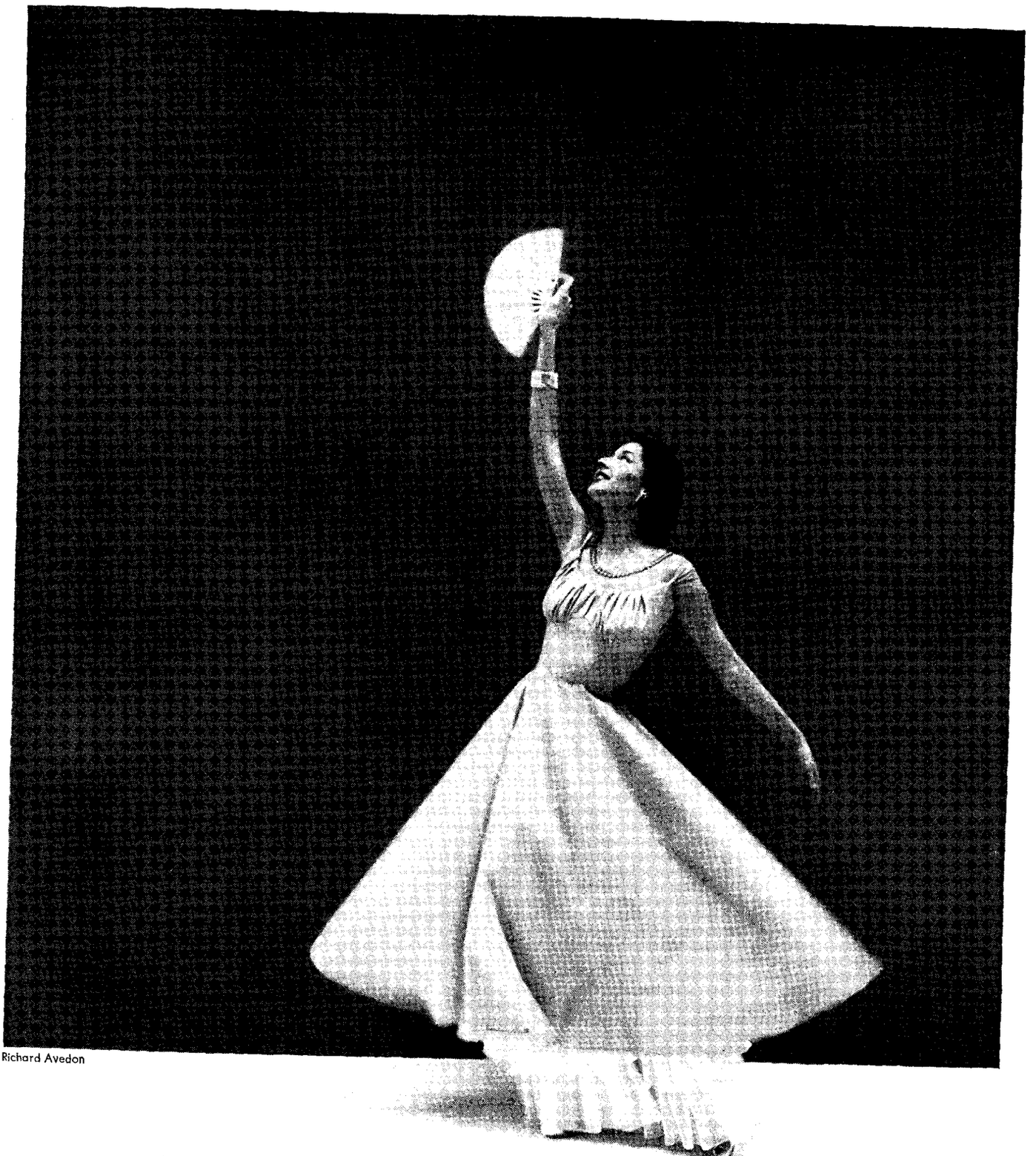

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

COMMAND DECISION—A taut and expert drama having to do with our Air Forces in England and their difficulties with the boys in the Pentagon. Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

THE HEIRESS—An adaptation of Henry James's "Washington Square" that is both a penetrating study of New York society in 1850 and a heady play. The cast includes Beatrice Straight, Basil Rathbone, and Patricia Collinge. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

JOY TO THE WORLD—Standard but quite funny ribbing of Hollywood, combined with a social message that could hardly be delivered more childishly. Alfred Drake and Marsha Hunt do nice, decorative jobs as the hero and heroine, and Morris Carnovsky, Myron McCormick, and Mary Welch are also on hand. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAN AND SUPERMAN—Maurice Evans has given this Shaw play a very pleasing production. He also stars in it, and is aided by Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 19.)

ME AND MOLLY—A comedy distilled from a radio serial. It still sounds too much like a radio serial for its own good, but it may entertain you spasmodically. The cast is led by Gertrude Berg, who wrote it, and Philip Loeb. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

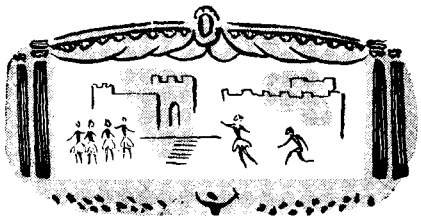
MISTER ROBERTS—A fine, funny, compelling job, by Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen, based on Mr. Heggen's book. Henry Fonda is at the top of a remarkable cast, which includes David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE PLAY'S THE THING—A rather fetching revival of Molnar's comedy about sex on the Italian Riviera. Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, Faye Emerson, Ernest Cossart, and Claud Allister are in the highly satisfactory cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE—Sartre's melodrama concerning a harlot who is driven to betray a Negro and, consequently, herself has its weaknesses, but it has more to say than most plays on the subject of lynching in the South. Meg Mundy's performance is superlative. "The Happy Journey," a monotonous bit by Thornton Wilder, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS—Ladies of tolerance and suffragettes are wildly mixed up in this comedy, and the total effect, regrettably, is quite strained. Joan Tetzel and Richard Coogan lead the big, enormously active cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE—Tennessee Williams' play about a woman's disintegration is one of the best things to appear this season. Jessica Tandy gives a lovely performance in the major role, and Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter assist her superbly. Winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize and Drama Critics Circle Award. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

LONG RUNS—BORN YESTERDAY: Judy Holliday as an enlightened tramp and John Alexander as a scheming junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** James Dunn and that now aging invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

ALLEGRO—A play with music, and two jokes, about the first thirty-five years of a doctor's life. Richard Rodgers' score is all right, but Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's ballets don't help at all. Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, and Roberta Jonay. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ANGEL IN THE WINGS—Paul and Grace Hartman have six exceedingly amusing numbers in this revue, but the rest of the program is discouraging. With Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HIGH BUTTON SHOES—Some nonsense concerning the 1913 Rutgers football team and a couple of confidence men, turned into a most commendable confection by Nanette Fabray's stylish performance and Jerome Robbins' wonderful Mack Sennett ballet. With Phil Silvers, Lois Lee, and Joey Faye. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

INSIDE U.S.A.—In spite of fairly uninspiring material, Beatrice Lillie is extremely comic in this big, handsome revue. She is assisted by Jack Haley and by Valerie Bettis, one of the best dancers you ever saw. Arthur Schwartz, the producer, wrote the music; Howard Dietz wrote the lyrics; and Arnold Auerbach, Moss Hart, and Arnold B. Horwitt contributed sketches. (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LOOK, MA, I'M DANCIN'!—This comedy about a wandering troupe of ballet dancers is handicapped by a silly story, but some of Jerome Robbins' choreography is very attractive, and Nancy Walker is a nice, indignant comic. Also with Harold Lang, Janet Reed, and Katharine Sergava. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAKE MINE MANHATTAN—Arnold B. Horwitt's sketches, a couple of which are marvellously funny, make a really engaging evening out of this revue. Richard Lewine wrote the songs, and the leading comedians are Julie Oshins and Sid Caesar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—ANNIE GET YOUR GUN: The renowned Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **BRIGADOON:** Fanciful doings in a Scottish village. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FINIAN'S RAINBOW:** The one about a leprechaun. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

BALLET BALLADS—These three song-and-dance items, for which John Latouche wrote the lyrics and Jerome Moross the music, are as witty and agreeable as anything in town. Katherine Litz stars in "Susanna and the Elders," Paul Godkin and Sono Osato in "Willie the Weeper," and Ted Lawrie in "The Eccentricities of Davey Crockett." (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ICE SHOW—A new show, called, for no discernible reason, "Howdy, Mr. Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. Opens Thursday, June 24. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:40; Sunday evenings at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, unless otherwise indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—A subterranean place, almost as big as the Carlsbad Caverns and a lot more accessible from Manhattan. Jules Lande's orchestra. No music on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Art Mooney's and Harold Nagel's orchestras supply dance music all evening upstairs in the cool Cascades. Closed Sundays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—The entire violin choir of Musicians' Local 802 at work on a relentless hearts-and-flowers repertoire. Mata and Hari's dances

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIV, No. 17, June 19, 1948. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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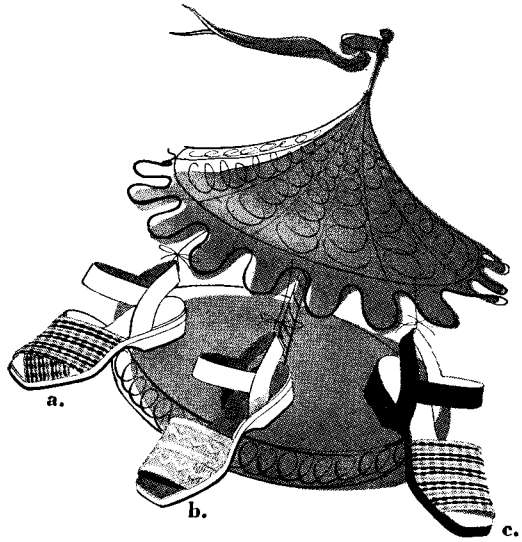

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GOINGS ON

DUNNE

ABOUT TOWN

will make you laugh, though. Billy Banks' band for dancing.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A luxurious country-club atmosphere, with cuisine and dance music (Eddie Davis's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras) of a superior grade. Closed Sundays.

MONTE CARLO, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Hollywood exploding on your doorstep. Peter Walters is at the piano during cocktails, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra and José Curbelo's rumba band play for dancing after nine except on Mondays, when there's a fill-in band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A town house for Manhattanites addicted to those six-day summertime weekends in the country. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The dinner-and-supper show in the Cotillion Room offers Lucille and Eddie Roberts, who read minds, and McLerie and Butler, who dance. Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This handsome dowager is receiving again, every evening but Sunday. Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra, playing for a rather Continental audience in the Café Lounge. There's a brief and not especially noticeable show, too. Tea dancing every afternoon. No show on Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An interesting display of pagan rites by a group of earnest, if occasionally amateurish, young ladies and gentlemen. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Twice nightly, the fall of the Bastille, as Suzy Solidor's clientele cheers her French torch songs. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra plays all evening on the Starlight Roof. Mischa Borr's band helps out around suppertime. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The intricate keyboard work of Les Crosley, at cocktail time and dinner, plus more of the same, by Cy Walter, later in the evening. On Sundays, John Kelly does the honors. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dance music after eight-thirty in this pleasant corner by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A high-style background for (after eight-thirty every night but Sunday) Les Crosley at the piano. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox at the piano after ten-thirty, when things have quieted down here. No music Sundays. . . . **PENTHOUSE**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 0-3561): Maxine Sullivan, twinkling ever so brightly, from ten-thirty on except Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-0234): Mary McNally plays piano at cocktail time; Harry Taylor takes over later in the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with Faconi, playing his violin, at dinnertime. The Sonny Kendis Trio, in ac[illegible] after ten, will be replaced starting Sun-

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the piano. . . . **PERROQUET**, Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): Starting around nine every night except Monday, Marvin Paymer plays the piano. . . . **LITTLE CASINO**, 243 Sullivan St. (OR 4-0583): Jimmy Daniels, the old Left Bank songster, shepherding Garland Wilson and Norene Tate, at the piano, and Mac Barnes and her fairly florid songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler playing the piano after nine-thirty in this prehistoric but comfortable glade. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborly level, with spirited indigenous dances by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Hope Emerson sings about the horrors of life and Tony Craig sings about the tender moments thereof. Old silent movies are shown on Monday evenings. No show Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): The Broadway song-and-gag routine at its funniest, thanks to Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin. Also, there is Monica Lewis, singing. Dance music by Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **CLUB EBONY**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (PL 7-5314): The Charioteers, surrounded by hue and cry. Closed Tuesdays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A cozy hearthful of handsome little crickets—Nan Wynn, Josephine Premice, Mary McCarty, and Phil Gordon—all chirping merrily. Background music by Harold Cooke and the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-0787): The Ruban Bleu as it was in its palmiest days, with Julius Monk overseeing Muriel Gaines, a lush new Brazilian songbird named Delora Bueno, the King Odom Quartet, the Normann Paris Trio, and two comical Yale men called Fletcher and Sheidy. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Mildred Bailey's effortless demonstration of what to do with a song. Dave Martin's dance band, Cliff Jackson's piano, and Dorothy Jarnac's dances. Closed Mondays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): There's a tiny terrace outside, and inside you get Sheila Barrett and Spivy. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his Admiral Farragut, or damn-the-torpedoes, trumpet style, plus Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other noisemakers. Now and then, Joe Sullivan plays piano, in enviable fashion. On Tuesday nights, eminent visitors add to the uproar. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Ernie Caceres, Bob Haggard, Billy Butterfield, and their colleagues, making the neighborhood welkin ring. A jam session on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio, hopping up this ancient landmark every night except Sunday. Chippie Hill sings every night but Monday, when there's a jam session. Dancing. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-6420): The Harlem rhythms [illegible] band headed by Wilbur de Paris, which also affords Buster Bailey and Sidney de Paris. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROYAL ROOST**, 1580 Broadway, at 47th St. (CI 6-9559): Dizzy Gillespie's rooty-tooters and Thelonious Monk's quartet. No music on Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar, the Mary Osborne Trio at work after ten, every evening except Monday. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Ella Fitzgerald, purring and shouting and stirring up old memories.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Ted Steele's orchestra, through Sunday, June 20. . . . **NEW YORKER**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Ray Eberle's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Elliot Lawrence's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Lawrence Welk's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

SUMMER SPOTS

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700): A country farmhouse, but within earshot of the comforting rattle of traffic. Sonny Kippe's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band. . . . **BOSSERT ROOF**, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn (MA 4-8100): A rooftop that permits you to take an Olympian attitude toward Brooklyn, on one side, and the harbor, on the other. Syd Strange's dance orchestra. Closed Mondays. . . . **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124th St. (MO 2-8600): Johnny Guarnieri's quintet, Lenny Rogers' band, and a spanking breeze off the Hudson. . . . **ST. MORITZ ROOF**, 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): Central Park at your feet, and Mark Monte's and Alfred Menconi's orchestras practically in your lap. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000): A summer resort favored by the younger generation of vacationists. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—GLEN ISLAND CASINO, New Rochelle (New Rochelle 6-6500): Gene Krupa's orchestra, to be replaced by Buddy Moreno's starting Thursday, June 24. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra. Closed Mondays. . . . **MEADOWBROOK**, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-1914): Larry Clinton's orchestra. Closed Mondays.

DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) when out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Bean Sejour (Hicksville 91); closed Tuesdays. . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.**: Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **MANHASSET, L.I.**: Mori (Manhasset 1842). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 266). . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Villa Victor (Syosset 1706). . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (Westbury 839). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.**: Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.**: Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 2667); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 932); closed Tuesdays. Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); closed Tuesdays. . . . **WESTON, CONN.**: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); closed Mondays; dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 253); closed Mondays. . . . **CENTERPORT, L.I.**: Old Water

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KENWOOD caught the bride's bouquet and captured its colors in the exquisite flowered bindings of this pure white all-wool blanket. It's a bedtime beauty, a joy to give, a thrilling surprise to receive, a gift to be treasured through the years. There's a choice of three accented colors on the wide rayon satin binding—rose, blue or yellow.

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Why do Kenwood Blankets have such a luxurious feeling of warmth without weight? Because Kenwood weaves long fibred wools with a slightly loose construction into a sturdy, yet richly supple blanket fabric. The long fibres make it possible to form a deep, soft nap over the entire blanket, converting it into a veritable fleecy mantle of warmth that drapes softly, cozily around you.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mill Inn (Northport 1270); dancing on weekends.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

AMERICAN ABSTRACT ARTISTS—Their annual exhibition. Though smaller in size than usual, it has a larger-than-average number of good pieces. (Chinese, 38 E. 57th St.; through June 19.)

BYRON BROWNE—Abstract water colors, daringly inventive in design. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays; through June 25.)

EUROPEAN—At the DURAND-RUEL, 12 E. 57th St.: A charming little group of paintings by Renoir, Monet, Pissarro, and others. Mondays through Fridays; through July 31.... PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: Oils, drawings, and water colors, mostly by modern French artists. Mondays through Fridays; through June 30.... MATISSE, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Matisse, Giacometti, Miró, Dubuffet, and other contemporaries. Mondays through Fridays; through July 2.

GROUPS—At the BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.: Some small and estimable pieces by Klee, Picasso, Graves, and others, from a private collection. Mondays through Fridays, and Saturdays until 2; through June 19.... BIGNOU, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings by contemporary French and American artists; through June 30.... MACBETH, 11 E. 57th St.: Healthily realistic oils by Carl Gaertner, Andrew Wyeth, and others of this gallery's group. Mondays through Fridays; through July 30.... WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Paintings and prints by six young artists, including a Canadian, W. Roloff Beny, of much promise. Mondays through Fridays, and Saturdays until noon; through July 30.... ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Work by Joe Jones, Karl Fortess, and other members of the gallery's roster; through June 19.... PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.: Nice paintings, generally in abstract or other advanced styles, by Theodoros Stamos, Walter Murch, Maud Morgan, and others. Mondays through Fridays; through June 21.... BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Sol Wilson, Jean Liberté, and others, in a show that also includes some works by Winslow Homer and Albert P. Ryder. Mondays through Fridays; through Sept. 10.... CARLEBACH, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: Paintings by an assortment of younger artists; through June 19.... LEVITT, 16 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Everett Spruce, José de Rivera, Charles Umlauf, and others. Mondays through Fridays; through July 31.... MIDTOWN, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Minna Harkavy, Maurice Freedman, Doris Rosenthal, and other sculptors and painters, in a seasonal retrospective; through June 25.... CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 106 E. 57th St.: Paintings, mostly small, by John Pellew, Ethel Magafan, Beatrice Cuming, and others. Mondays through Fridays; through July 15.

WINSLOW HOMER AND EASTMAN JOHNSON—A roomful apiece of small paintings and other works. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Aug. 31.)

SAMUEL KOCH—Dreamily childlike landscapes, some real, some fanciful, by a Brooklyn primitive. (Salpeter, 128 E. 56th St. Weekdays, noon to 6 P.M.; through June 19.)

YASUO KUNIYOSHI—The first show of drawings (1921-47) in some time by one of the contemporary American masters in that field. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Mondays through Fridays; through June 24.)

LANDSCAPE PAINTINGS—An unusual collection of work by landscapists of three centuries. Included are some handsome pieces by Corot, Gainsborough, and van Goyen. (Nicholson, 69 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays; through June 30.)

GRANDMA MOSES—More of the old lady's forthright scenes of winter and summer in New England. On exhibit is her first painting, which she did one day in 1918 as a screen to

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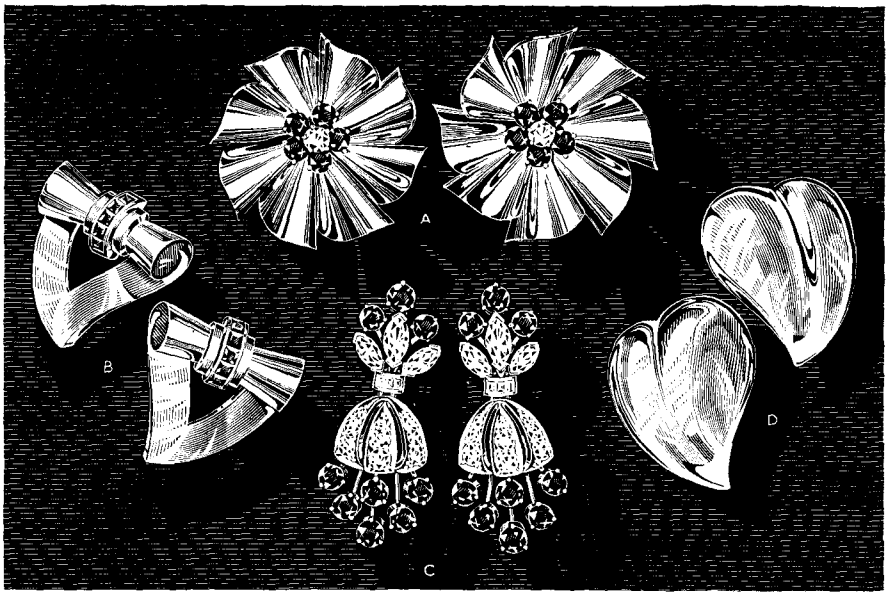
A large selection of 14kt. gold jewelry.
Silverware, china and glassware.



A. RUBY, DIAMOND AND 14 KT. GOLD EARRINGS	$ 495.
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D. 14 KT. GOLD EARRINGS	35.

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GLASS PITCHER 7¼ IN. HIGH	12.50
TWELVE HIGHBALL GLASSES	28.

FIFTH AVENUE at 57TH ST.

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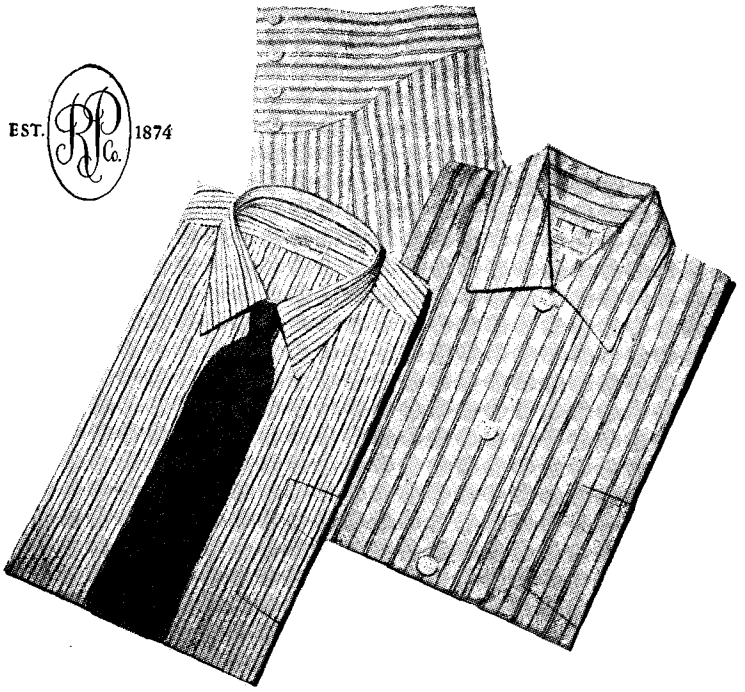

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

shut off a draft. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through June 18.)

SIR ALFRED J. MUNNINGS—Paintings by the president of the Royal Academy. (Scott & Fowles, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.; through June 18.)

SCULPTORS GUILD—The first outdoor show since 1942. Among the exhibitors are José de Creeft, Lu Duble, Hugo Robus, and William Zorach. (18 Washington Square N. Daily, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through July 31.)

SOCIETY OF ILLUSTRATORS, 128 E. 63rd St.—The members' annual show. (Daily, 1 to 6 P.M.; through June 30.)

MAURICE UTRILLO—A pleasant set of his earlier paintings, which are more lively than his later ones. (Feigl, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through July 31.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the CLAY CLUB, 4 W. 8th St.: Leo Amino. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through July 10. . . . ¶ Group shows at the ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St. (through Aug. 31, closed Saturdays); BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St. (through July 30, closed Saturdays); KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St. (through Aug. 31, closed Saturdays); and A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. (through June 26).

MUSEUMS

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Some Ben-Zion paintings on Biblical subjects, done with force and sincerity. Also, a group by contemporary Jewish artists, including the Palestinian painter M. Ardon-Bronstein. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through August 31.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A display of modern Japanese reproductions of ancient historic Chinese patterned silks. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 11.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large retrospective of paintings and other works by Pierre Bonnard, including a number of items brought over from France for the occasion; through July 25. . . . ¶ A show by eighty contemporary photographers; through July 11. . . . ¶ An exhibition of portraits, many of them in black-and-white, by a wide variety of artists, European and American; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—Paintings by most of the prominent modern American artists, assembled a couple of years ago by the State Department and now about to be disposed of by the War Assets Administration. (Daily, 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 18.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The yearly Philharmonic-Symphony concerts at Lewisohn Stadium, held on most clear nights at 8:30. Following

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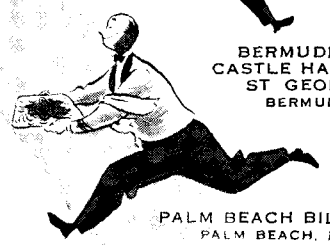
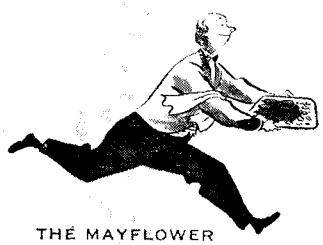


PALM BEACH BILTMORE
PALM BEACH, FLA.

DAYTON BILTMORE
DAYTON, O.

NEIL HOUSE
COLUMBUS, O.



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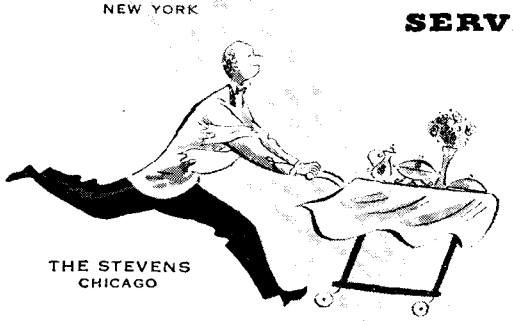
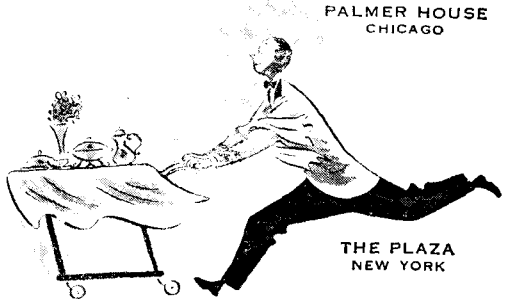


THE STEVENS
CHICAGO



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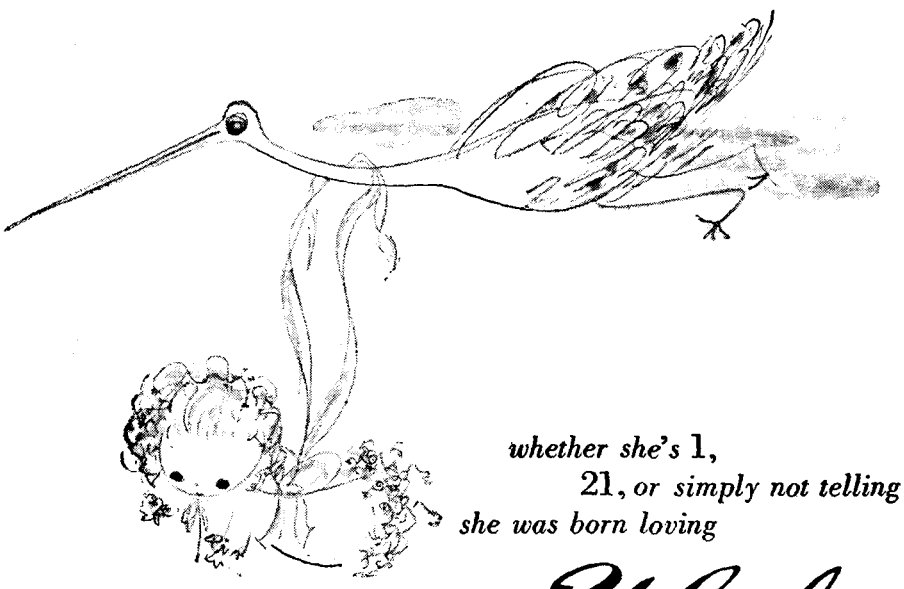

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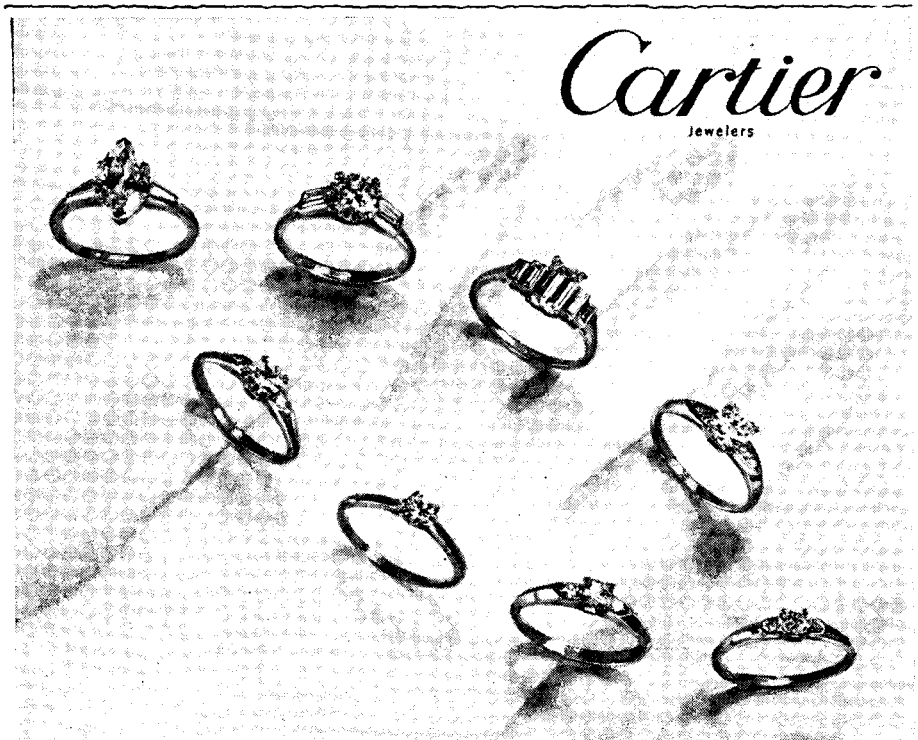

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is the schedule for this week and next. Thursday, June 17: Fritz Reiner conducting, with Rose Bampton, soprano, and Set Svanholm, tenor. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19: Walter Hendl conducting, with Hazel Scott, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, June 21: Fritz Reiner conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 23: Fritz Reiner conducting, with Frances Magnes, violin, and Carol Brice, contralto. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 24: Fritz Reiner conducting, with William Kapell, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25: Fritz Reiner conducting an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26: Paul Lavalle conducting, with Vivian Della Chiesa, soprano, and Mac Morgan, baritone. (Tickets at Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., WA 6-0600, and at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC.)

Lemonade Opera—Thursday through Saturday, June 17-19, and Monday and Tuesday, June 21-22: "The Duenna," in English. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, June 23-25: "Don Giovanni," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26: "Hansel and Gretel" and "La Serva Padrona," both in English. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Evenings at 8:30.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting this year's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings at 8:30.) . . . ¶ The United States Army Band, conducted by Captain Hugh Curry. (Sunday afternoon, June 20, and Saturday afternoon, June 26, both at 2:30.)

Remo Palmieri—The jazz guitarist, assisted by a small band. (Carnegie Recital Hall, CI 7-7460. Tuesday evening, June 22, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **Ebbets Field:** Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, June 17, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Friday through Sunday, June 18-20, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Monday, June 21, at 8:30 P.M., and Tuesday through Thursday, June 22-24, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Friday, June 25, at 8:30 P.M., and Saturday, June 26, at 2 P.M. . . . **Polo Grounds:** Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, June 17, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, at 2:30 P.M., and Sunday, June 20 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Tuesday, June 22, at 8:30 P.M., and Wednesday and Thursday, June 23-24, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Joe Louis vs. Joe Walcott, 15 rounds for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Yankee Stadium. Wednesday, June 23. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10. For tickets, call CI 5-8100.)

Crew—Poughkeepsie Regatta. (Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Tuesday, June 22; main event at 6:45 P.M.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Race. (New London, Conn. Friday, June 25; main event at 7 P.M.)

Dog Shows—Bryn Mawr Kennel Club. (Narberth, Pa. Saturday, June 19.) . . . ¶ Burlington County Kennel Club. (Mount Holly, N.J. Sunday, June 20.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Kennel Club. (Rumson, N.J. Saturday, June 26.)

Fencing—National Championships—At the **Fencers Club**, 320 E. 53rd St., EL 5-8898: Men's Individual Foil, Thursday, June 17, at 10:30 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Individual Electrical Epée, Friday, June 18, at 10:30 A.M. . . . **Hotel Roosevelt:** Individual Electrical Epée, Friday, June 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Tickets for all events may be had at the Fencers Club.) . . . ¶ Outdoor All-Eastern Epée Championship. (Travers Island, Pelham, N.Y. Sunday, June 20, at 10 A.M. No tickets necessary.)

Golf—United States Seniors' Golf Association Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye, N.Y. Tuesday through Friday, June 22-25.)

Horse Shows—Three Oaks Riding Club. (Allentown, Pa. Friday through Sunday, June 18-20.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club. (Darien Conn Saturday and Sunday, June 19-20.) . . .

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Conn. Friday through Sunday, June 25-27.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30 P.M.—At **BOSTWICK FIELD**, Westbury, L.I. . . . **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Westbury, L.I. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase, N.Y. . . . **FAIRFIELD COUNTY HUNT CLUB**, Westport, Conn.

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; starting Thursday, June 17. The Queens County Handicap, June 17; the Gazelle, June 19; the Astoria, June 23; the Aqueduct Handicap, June 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:15 A.M. and 1 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

TENNIS—National Professional Grass Court Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I. Thursday through Sunday, June 17-20. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St., and at the West Side Tennis Club.) . . . ¶ Eastern Intercollegiate Championships. (Montclair, N.J. Starting Saturday, June 26.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury, L.I.: Weekdays at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.) . . . **SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.**: Weekdays at 8:15 P.M.; starting Monday, June 21.

YACHTING—Larchmont Yacht Club championship races. (Larchmont, N.Y. Saturday, June 19.) . . . ¶ Newport to Bermuda race. (Newport, R.I. Starting Saturday, June 19.) . . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club championship races. (Manhasset, L.I. Sunday, June 20.) . . . ¶ Indian Harbor Yacht Club Cruise races. (Greenwich, Conn. Monday through Thursday, June 21-24.) . . . ¶ Noroton Race Week. (Noroton, Conn. Starting Saturday, June 26.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Trusteeship Council, and various other bodies. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, early on the morning of the day you want to go. You can go by train from Penn Station to Great Neck or by Independent Subway to the 169th Street station in Jamaica; there are frequent buses to Lake Success from Great Neck, and buses on the hour from Jamaica.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION—Starts on Monday, June 21, at 11 A.M. at Convention Hall, Philadelphia. The keynote address, by Governor Dwight H. Greene of Illinois, will be delivered on Monday evening.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Color in the Sky." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

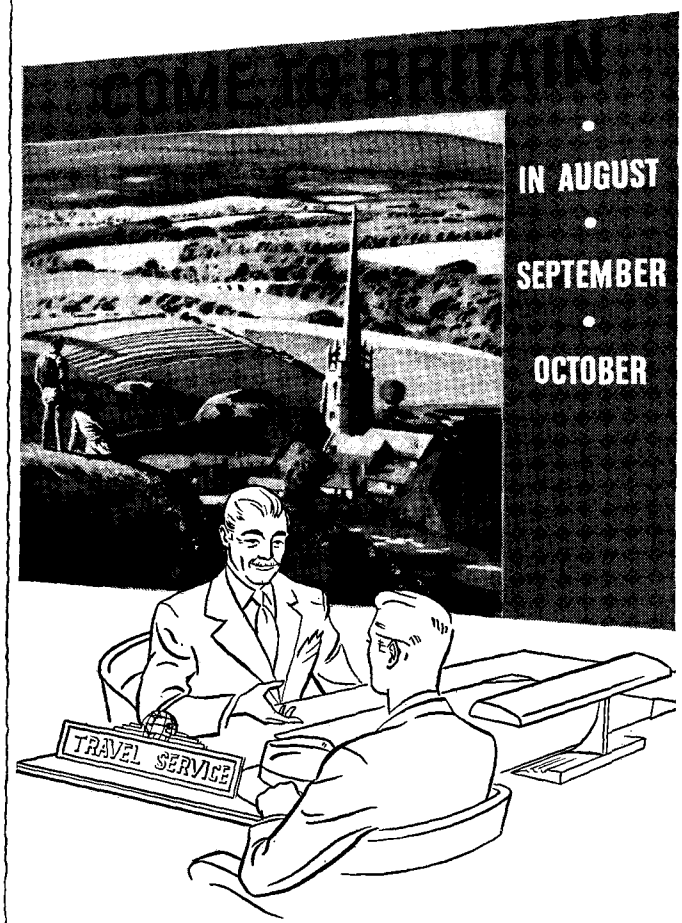
ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ A résumé of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

MUSIC—Lewisohn Stadium concert, Fritz Reiner conducting, Wednesday, June 23, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Hans Schwieger conducting, Saturday, June 19, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Jascha Heifetz, violin, Monday, June 21, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—Racing: The Gazelle, at Aqueduct, Saturday, June 19, at 4:15 P.M., WOR, WCBS. . . . ¶ Boxing: Joe Louis vs. Joe Walcott, at Yankee Stadium, Wednesday, June 23, at 10 P.M., WJZ, WCBS.

TELEVISION—Senator Robert A. Taft, Friday, June 18, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Newsreel, daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, June 20, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Baseball: All home games of the Yankees are shown on WABD, of the Dodgers on WCBS, and of the Giants on WNBT. . . . ¶ Racing: The Queens County Handicap, at Aqueduct, Thursday, June 17, at 4:15 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ The hurly-burly of the Republican Convention will be shown practically continuously on all major television stations, starting Monday, June 21



"Personally, I'm a 'late-season' man, too!

"I've been over in all seasons, of course, and the time you've picked to go to Britain, I think, is best of all. Things aren't so crowded then, as you know, yet there's a full round of activities . . . so much to do and see. August, September and October are all delightful. The British countryside is particularly beautiful, and from the tourist angle, why, you get better accommodations every time! Just as a matter of arithmetic: fewer travelers, more availabilities—transportation, rooms, service! Not everybody's able to get away in the late season. I'd say you're to be congratulated on being one of the fortunate ones!"

SPECIAL EVENTS **AUG.: Welsh National Eisteddfod, Bridgend—2nd-7th • International Horse Show, London—16th-20th • Olympic Games—till 14th International Festival, Music & Drama, Edinburgh—22nd-Sept. 12th • Engineering Exhibition, London—26th-Sept. 11th • Yachting, Cowes—28th-Sept. 4th • SEPT.: Three Choirs Festival—5th-10th, Worcester • Royal Braemar Gathering, Scotland—9th • Highland Games—11th & 16th, Scotland • Widdecombe Fair—14th, Dartmoor • Racing—St. Leger, Doncaster—11th • OCT.: Exhibition—Royal Institute Oil Painters—11th-Nov. 6th, London • Racing—12th-15th, Newmarket • National Dairy Show—26th-29th, London • International Motor Show—27th-Nov. 6th, London • Trafalgar Day—21st, Portsmouth.**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

All My Sons—A somewhat dishevelled but often compelling piece that deals with an unscrupulous industrialist whose belief in business before patriotism brings ruin to himself and his family. Adapted from the Arthur Miller play, and with a cast headed by Mady Christians, Edward G. Robinson, and Burt Lancaster. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through June 20. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through June 21.)

Day of Wrath—Witchcraft in the early seventeenth century, is the subject of this Danish film. The picture shows what a great director (in this case, Carl Dreyer) can do with an intelligent script, a remarkable cast, and an incredibly discerning camera. One of the best movies ever made. (Fifth Ave. Playhouse, Fifth Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738; tentative, starting June 18.)

Gentleman's Agreement—A Hollywood assault on anti-Semitism that, regrettably, never squares off to the subject. The cast includes Gregory Peck, John Garfield, and Dorothy McGuire, who are often obliged to forgo acting for preaching. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 19. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; June 17. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through June 20. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; June 18-21. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; June 19-22. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting June 21. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting June 23.)

The Lady from Shanghai—Orson Welles as an Irish sailor and Rita Hayworth as the Oriental lady in an uneven picture that every now and then comes up with an original touch. Mr. Welles, who produced, wrote, and directed the film, is fortunate in having Everett Sloan and Glenn Anders on hand in a pair of important roles. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, BR 9-3839.)

Melody Time—A Disney film that, though not top-drawer, has its lively moments. Supplying a musical background to the activities of such characters as Pecos Bill, Johnny Appleseed, and a tug called Little Toot are Roy Rogers, the Andrews Sisters, and Buddy Clarke. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

Paisan—An Italian picture, directed by Roberto Rossellini, who created "Open City." It strings together six episodes showing how the Italian people reacted to the Germans, English, and Americans during the war and demonstrates once again that Italy is supplying just about the best films visible today. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Sitting Pretty—Clifton Webb, as a baby-sitter, and Richard Haydn, as a nosy gossip, combine talents in this one to transform a thin script into something quite funny. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; June 17. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; tentative, June 18-21.)

State of the Union—Spencer Tracy as a Presidential candidate no brighter than average and Katharine Hepburn as his wife, who worries about his being corrupted by some wicked professional politicians, led, in this case, by Adolphe Menjou. Most amusing when it follows faithfully the Lindsay-Crouse play from which the movie was adapted. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; starting June 23.)

The Time of Your Life—James and Jeanne Cagney, together with James Barton, William Bendix, and Paul Draper, make a pretty effective film out of William Saroyan's play about a group of dreamy characters hanging around a bar in San Francisco. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141; starting June 18.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Romance and ruin in Imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 21-23.)

The Good Earth (1937)—The Pearl Buck story of farmers in China. With Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; June 17.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Almost four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294; starting June 19.)

Great Expectations (1947)—The Dickens novel. An English picture, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-3904; June 20-23.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

La Maternelle (1935)—Children in Montmartre. In French. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-1141; June 17.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)—A Frank Capra film, with Jean Arthur and James Stewart. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; starting June 18.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers mixed up with the musical world. (Gotham, B'way at 47th, CI 5-9516.)

One Night of Love (1934)—Grace Moore in a Hollywood opera. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

The Private Life of Don Juan (1934)—The later, and rheumatic, years of a great ladies' man. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; June 21-23.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Excellent music and a dash of psychiatry. An English film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through June 19.)

To Live in Peace (1947)—Aldo Fabrizi as an Italian peasant who befriends a couple of G.I.s, one of them colored, during the war. Made in Italy. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; starting June 23.)

You Can't Take It with You (1938)—The Kaufman-Hart comedy. Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, and James Stewart. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295; starting June 18.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Through June 20: "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), and "Midvinter Blot" (1946), a twenty-minute Swedish documentary film. . . . ¶ Starting June 21: "Adieu . . . Leonard" (1943), in French, with Charles Trenet. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the museum.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
MELODY TIME.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through June 23: "The Bride Goes Wild," Van Johnson, June Allyson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
THE LADY FROM SHANGHAI.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
A NIGHT AT THE OPERA, revival.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Emperor Waltz," Bing Crosby, Joan Fontaine.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through June 22: "The Iron Curtain," Dana Andrews, Gene Tierney; and "Tender Years," Joe E. Brown.
From June 23: "Berlin Express," Merle Oberon, Robert Ryan, Paul Lukas; and "Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!," June Haver, Lon McCallister.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Dream Girl," Betty Hutton, Macdonald Carey.
From June 19: "Lulu Belle," Dorothy Lamour, George Montgomery.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through June 22: "Green Grass of Wyoming," Peggy Cummins, Charles Coburn.
From June 23: "Give My Regards to Broadway," Dan Dailey, Charles Winninger, Nancy Guild.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
"Summer Holiday," Mickey Rooney, Gloria DeHaven.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Wallflower," Robert Hutton, Joyce Reynolds.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
"Design for Death," documentary film about Japan.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Bad Sister," Margaret Lockwood, Joan Greenwood.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
June 17: "Portrait of Innocence" (in French).
June 18-21 (tentative): SITTING PRETTY.
From June 22 (tentative): "The Naked City," Barry Fitzgerald.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
THE GOOD EARTH.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"Citizen Saint," Julie Haydon, Carla Dare.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
Through June 18: "Blind Desire" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Jean-Louis Barrault.
From June 19: GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
June 17: "Dreams That Money Can Buy," Hans Richter Surrealist film.
From June 18 (tentative): DAY OF WRATH.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Jenny Lamour" (in French), Louis Jouvet.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
"Fric-Frac" (in French), Fernandel, Arletty, Michel Simon.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
ONE NIGHT OF LOVE, revival; and IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT, revival.

Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through June 17: LA MATERNELLE, revival; and "Specter of the Rose," revival, Judith Anderson, Michael Chekhov.
From June 18: THE BAKER'S WIFE, revival.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"The End of the River," Sabu.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
"Naïs" (in French), Fernandel, Jacqueline Bouvier.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
SITTING PRETTY, revival; and MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON, revival.

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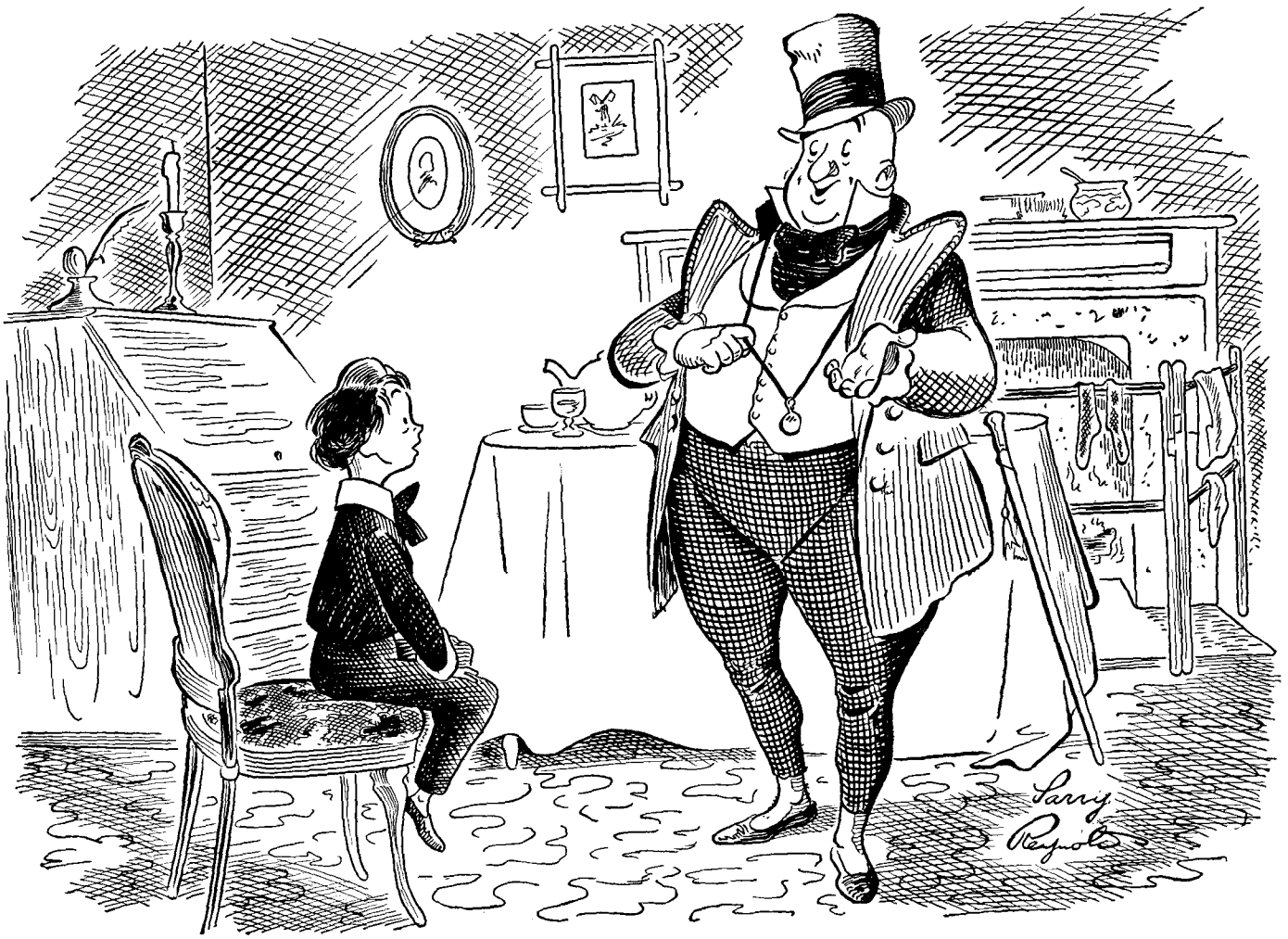

Mr. Micawber was only half-right!

MR. MICAWBER'S financial advice to young David Copperfield is justly famous.

Translated into United States currency, it runs something like this:

> "*Annual income, two thousand dollars; annual expenditure, nineteen hundred and ninety-nine dollars; result, happiness. Annual income, two thousand dollars; annual expenditure, two thousand and one dollars; result, misery.*"

Mr. Micawber was only half-right! Simply *not* spending more than you make isn't enough. Every family must have a cushion of savings to fall back on . . . and to provide for their future security.

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Join the Plan *you're* eligible for today! As Mr. Micawber would say: "Result, security!"

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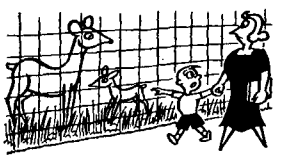
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON a warm, miserable morning last week we went up to the Bronx Zoo to see the moose calf and to break in a new pair of black shoes. We encountered better luck than we had bargained for. The cow moose and her young one were standing near the wall of the deer park below the monkey house, and in order to get a better view we strolled down to the lower end of the park, by the brook. The path there is not much travelled. As we approached the corner where the brook trickles under the wire fence, we noticed a red deer getting to her feet. Beside her, on legs that were just learning their business, was a spotted fawn, as small and perfect as a trinket seen through a reducing glass. They stood there, mother and child, under a gray beech whose trunk was engraved with dozens of hearts and initials. Stretched on the ground was another fawn, and we realized that the doe had just finished twinning. The second fawn was still wet, still unrisen. Here was a scene of rare sylvan splendor, in one of our five favorite boroughs, and we couldn't have asked for more. Even our new shoes seemed to be working out all right and weren't hurting much.

The doe was only a couple of feet from the wire, and we sat down on a rock at the edge of the footpath to see what sort of start young fawns get in the deep fastnesses of Mittel Bronx. The mother, mildly resentful of our presence and dazed from her labor, raised one forefoot and stamped primly. Then she lowered her head, picked up the afterbirth, and began dutifully to eat it, allowing it to swing crazily from her mouth, as though it were a bunch of withered beet greens. From the monkey house came the loud, insane hooting of some captious primate, filling the whole woodland with a wild hooroar. As we watched, the sun broke weakly through, brightened the rich red of th[illegible] and kindled their white spots. Occasionally a sightseer would appear and wander aimlessly by, but of all who passed none was aware that anything extraordinary had occurred. "Looka the kangaroos!" a child cried. And he and his



mother stared sullenly at the deer and then walked on.

In a few moments the second twin gathered all his legs and all his ingenuity and arose, to stand for the first time sniffing the mysteries of a park for captive deer. The doe, in recognition of his achievement, quit her other work and began to dry him, running her tongue against the grain and paying particular attention to the key points. Meanwhile the first fawn tiptoed toward the shallow brook, in little stops and goes, and started across. He paused midstream to make a slight contribution, as a child does in bathing. Then, while his mother watched, he continued across, gained the other side, selected a hiding place, and lay down under a skunk-cabbage leaf next to the fence, in perfect concealment, his legs folded neatly under him. Without actually going out of sight, he had managed to disappear completely in the shifting light and shade. From somewhere a long way off a twelve-o'clock whistle sounded. We hung around awhile, but he never budged. Before we left, we crossed the brook ourself, just outside the fence, knelt, reached through the wire, and tested the truth of what we had once heard: that you can scratch a new fawn between the ears without starting him. You can indeed.

THE sound truck, or Free Speech on Wheels, won its first brush with preme Court. We have an idea, however, that the theme of amplification is not dead and will recur in many variations. The Court found itself in a snarl; free speech became confused with free extension-of-speech, noise with ideas wrapped in noise. A sound truck, it seems to us, is not a man on a soapbox—it is Superman on a tower of suds. The distinction will eventually have to be drawn. Loud speaking is not the same thing as plain speaking; the loudspeaker piles decibel on decibel and not only is capable of disturbing the peace but through excess of volume can cause madness and death, whereas the human voice is a public nuisance only to the extent that it aggravates the normal human resentment against the whole principle of free speech. Amplified sound is already known among military men as a weapon of untried potency, and we will probably suffer from it if there is another war.

Up till now, modern man has meekly accepted the miracle of his enlarged vocal cords. He has acquiesced in jumboism. A modern baby is born amplified, for even the nursery is wired for sound and the infant's earliest cries are carried over a private distress system to the ears

of its mother in the living room—along with street noises that drift in through the open nursery window. (Note to political candidates: Always park your sound truck under nursery windows and your remarks will be picked up by an interior network and carried to uneasy elders.) One wonders, though, how much longer the human race will string along with its own electrical gifts, and how long the right to speak can remain innocent of wattage. We have a feeling that only if th[illegible]

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"Look who's legal talent now!"

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are always plenty of people who are eager to stifle opinion they don't admire, and if the opinion happens to be expressed in a volume of sound that is in itself insufferable, the number of people who will want to stifle both the sound *and* the fury will greatly increase. Amplification, therefore, is something like alcohol: It can heighten our meanings, but it can also destroy our reason.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The latest Abercrombie & Fitch catalogue lists Levis cut full to shrink skintight, and guaranteed to fade.

In the windows of a Columbus, Ohio, tabernacle, a number of men's photographs are currently on display, and affixed to each is a caption beginning, "I switched to Calvary because . . ."

Marraine et Parrain

WE stopped off at the Plaza last [illegible] call on our friends Kath- [illegible] Santa Barbara couple who, as we recounted here a couple of years ago, adopted the French village of Maillé shortly after the war, and who have since been providing the villagers with tractors, bow ties, frying pans, beanies, electric irons, and other items. When we called, the Hales were getting ready to sail on the Queen Mary for their first visit to Maillé, and we found them tucking eight hundred lollipops, three hundred packages of bubble gum, and thirty dozen balloons into their hand baggage, in anticipation of their arrival. "Kathleen says we're to be greeted by the children," Mr. Hale told us. Mrs. Hale smiled distractedly. "I'll be crying," she said, "and Girard will have half a dozen children on each shoulder." "All popping that damned bubble gum," Mr. Hale said. "We hope it won't be a *permanent* cultural addition," Mrs. Hale put in hastily. "Girard is also going to make a speech." Mr. Hale groaned. "In *French*," he said. "I should live so long! I thought I could hide behind [illegible] French rather expect the man to take over in public ceremonies." "I do wish you'd study your speech," Mrs. Hale said. "You haven't a moment to lose." Mr. Hale retired obediently to one corner of the room with a sheaf of papers and began to mumble.

Mrs. Hale explained to us that they'd intended to visit Maillé last year but various things had made the trip impossible. In the last two years, the population of Maillé has grown from three hundred and sixty-six to four hundred and seventy, or almost what it was before the Germans entered the village on August 25, 1944, and massacred a hundred and twenty-seven men, women, and children. Since the adoption of Maillé by the Hales, some two hundred other European villages, including two in Germany, have been adopted by Americans. "It seems we started a sort of Marshall Plan," Mrs. Hale said. "I must say I like ours better than the big one. It's more intimate."

Even the intimate plan has reached the point where a coördinating agency

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called Operation Democracy, Inc., has been set up here to help other Americans adopt villages. Therese Bonney, the photographer, has adopted Kirkhofen, in the Vosges district of France; the students at Columbia have adopted Royan, also in France; Dunkirk, New York, has adopted Dunkerque, France; Brooklyn has adopted Breukelen, Holland; Glen Cove has adopted Pontecorvo, Italy; and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, of Washington, D.C., have adopted two French towns, La Loupe and Pont-à-Mousson. "One for each of them," Mrs. Hale said. "Kathleen," her husband said, "I think I'll just have to *read* this speech." Mrs. Hale ordered him to concentrate.

After reaching Paris, the Hales will drive to the outskirts of Maillé, where they will be met by all the village children; then they will proceed on foot into the village. The first day, they're going to look around and talk to the children. "They've been such wonderful correspondents," Mrs. Hale said. "They send us thirty letters at a time. They think of us as the godparents of the village and address us as *Marraine et Parrain*. They never ask for anything. There are merely delicate hints. We sent them a tree and some small gifts for Christmas, and when they wrote to thank us, they said, 'We are sorry you were not here for the Christmas tree, but we hope to have you here for our *next* Christmas tree.' I call that delicate." On the second day of the Hales' visit, there will be a formal welcoming ceremony, attended by Premier Schuman, Ambassador Caffery, and the Archbishop of Tours.

The Hales are taking with them a supply of Harding-grass seed, with the idea of improving the pastures around Maillé. This came from their eight-thousand-acre cattle ranch, north of Santa Barbara. "I know our grass will do wonders for the cattle of Maillé," said Mrs. Hale. "*Veuillez croire que c'est pour nous un honneur et un plaisir de nous adresser à Maillé tout entier*," said Mr. Hale. "*Voici bientôt deux ans . . .*"

Order

THE book-club business may finally be getting out of hand. At any rate, we are advised by a lady member of one of the clubs that recently she checked two titles ("Delta Wedding" and "Beyond the Blue Mountains") on her monthly order blank, and in due course received a parcel containing three books—"Knock on Any Door," "Sir Pagan," and "As He Saw It"—and, in the same mail, a letter that began:

DEAR MEMBER:

By the time your order reached this office, we were completely out of stock on the novel you requested and we apologize for the necessity of substituting the enclosed copy of "Alexandra."

Wearing

THE only track-and-field Olympic tryout that has been or will be held in New York this year was the recent ten-thousand-metre walking race in Van Cortlandt Park, and we were at the finish line, gratified to see local men win first, second, third, fourth, and fifth place; a fellow from Detroit, where the pace of life is perceptibly slower, wound up in sixth place. There were forty-two starters in the contest, five of whom were disqualified for illegal walking. Of the remainder, all but two finished in less than an hour and five minutes, thereby earning survivors' medals. When the last of the survivors had been clocked, we had a talk with Harry Rappaport, the chief judge, and Henry Laskau, who won the race. Rappaport, a slight man who was once a middle-distance walker himself, is the corresponding secretary of the Walkers' Club of America and a member of the Olympic Walking Committee. He told us that the men who came in first, second, and third are to sail for England on July 14th, to compete in the ten-thousand-metre walking event in London. The only other walking event in the 1948 Olympics is a fifty-thousand-metre race. The tryout for that was held in Cincinnati last May and was won, curiously enough, by a man from Baltimore, where nobody walks fast. An American has yet to win a walking race in the Olympics, but Rappaport sees hope in Laskau, at least, and is pretty keyed up about our prospects this year.

Rappaport said that the closest he ever came to winning a walking contest was back in 1921, when he finished fourth in the annual Thanksgiving Day race from City Hall to Coney Island. He is in the silverware business but has a law degree and finds his legal training handy in judging walking races. "The distinction between walking and running," he said, "is a very complicated and abstruse one. I had to throw five competitors off the track today for running, or what is known as illegal walking, and they all howled. A man gets three warnings and then is waved off. If the knee of his front leg isn't locked when the leg touches the ground, if he doesn't place his forward heel on the ground before his rear toe leaves the ground, or if both feet are up in the air at the same time, then he's running. Those are the regulations. Some judges get their noses down on the ground to see if a heel hits before a toe leaves, but I think that's silly. A judge should keep off his knees. With me, the locked leg is all-important. One of the entrants we disqualified today maintained he had a physical deformity and couldn't straighten his knee out. I say if he has a physical deformity, he ought not to enter high-grade competition." Rappaport paused and reflected, and then came up with an afterthought: "On the other hand, they say pigeon-toed men make the best walkers."

Laskau, a dark-haired young man with horn-rimmed glasses, joined us just then, and he told us that he didn't start walking competitively until 1946. He came to this country from Berlin in 1938 and learned English in night school and as an infantryman in the Army. Difficult though this may be to believe, he also learned to like hiking in the Army, and after his discharge he took up the sport in earnest. He assured us that the City Hall-to-Coney Island events are the toughest races hereabouts, because the walkers have to dodge cars and obstreperous children and wait for traffic lights. "Walking doesn't tire a man as much physically as it does mentally," he said. "The mental strain can be very wearing, especially if you worry too much about keeping that forward knee locked." Laskau's time for the ten-thousand-metre tryout was 49 minutes, 29.4 seconds. (Ten thousand metres works out, by the way, to 6 miles, 376 yards, 4 inches.) He'd have done better, he added, if he hadn't had to keep dodging stragglers. The Olympic record for the ten-thousand-metre walk was set in 1912—46 minutes, 28.4 seconds. Laskau hopes to break it. He and Rappaport have been getting reports on the times set by the walkers of various F

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tryouts, and they're all so good that he thinks the judges in Europe must be quite lax about what constitutes illegal walking. It worries him, and so does keeping his knee locked. Other things that bother him are newsreel cameramen and sportswriters. "They hold us up to ridicule," he said sternly. "Some of those writers allude to the most extreme styles of walking as though they were typical of all walkers. One of them likened us to a flock of penguins. Penguins! I'd like to see *him* walk ten thousand metres in forty-nine minutes. We'd see who would look like a penguin. To walkers, walking is a very serious sport."

Ask a Foolish Question

WE'VE heard from a family man who had occasion the other afternoon to call his home from his office. One of his two small sons—he couldn't tell which—answered the phone.

"Oh, hello, Daddy," said the tiny, unidentifiable voice.

"Who's this?" asked the father.

"It's you," replied the little fellow.

No Paddling

AN ugly rumor has been going around town that things have got so bad that the gold content of Phi Beta Kappa keys has been dropped from eighteen to fourteen carats, and when it reached us we abandoned less momentous matters and hurried over to the national headquarters of Phi Beta Kappa, at Phive East Forty-fourth Street. Well, it isn't so. As a matter of fact, Carl Billman, who is the national secretary of the organization, informed us that Phi Beta Kappa keys have been made of only ten-carat gold for many years now, that there has been no deviation from that standard, and, what is more, that there will be none. Mr. Billman is in close touch with the key situation, since all but one of the hundred and forty-one chapters of P.B.K. send their orders for keys to his office. He thereupon forwards them to a jeweller named Balfour, in Attleboro, Massachusetts, who is the official keymaker for the Society and a big man in fraternity-pin circles. The only chapter that doesn't play ball with Billman and Balfour is the one at Brown, which prefers a key slightly nearer square than the standard design. Heaven knows where Brown scholars place their orders.

Balfour makes keys in three sizes. Most P.B.K. men favor the large, or seven-dollar, key, which is three-quarters of an inch long, exclusive of stem, and on a fair day can be seen against a dark, conservatively cut vest from a distance of at least half a block. There's a middle-sized key, five-eighths of an inch long, which sells for six dollars, and a key fifteen thirty-seconds of an inch long, selling for five, which women like, because it looks nice pinned on a dress, or so Mr. Billman assumes. During the war, when many colleges were more or less taken over by the Army and Navy, some chapters of P.B.K. stopped electing members, and key orders fell off sharply. Now business is picking up again. More than four thousand keys were ordered through Billman's office last year. P.B.K. makes a small profit on the keys, which is plowed back into the Society.

P.B.K., which was organized at the College of William and Mary on December 5, 1776 (the date is engraved on the keys), is the oldest Greek-letter society in the country, and the letters stand for a Greek motto usually translated as "Philosophy, the guide of life" but given by P.B.K. in its handbook as "Love of wisdom the guide of life." It's been known as a society rather than a fraternity since 1875, when the first women members were elected. By the latest count, around a hundred and ten thousand people are entitled to wear keys. There are also an uncounted number of cads who wear keys found on the street, bought in hock shops, and so on. "The letters are registered as a trademark," Mr. Billman told us, "but I don't think we can sue a man for wearing a key he didn't earn. All we can do is shame him out of it." The papers reported some time back that Coleen Gray was one of the few actresses in Hollywood who were members of Phi Beta Kappa. Since her name didn't appear in the P.B.K. register, Billman wrote and asked her politely how come. Miss Gray replied frankly that she couldn't be more embarrassed—her press agent had made the whole thing up.

P.B.K. also discourages the use by other organizations of keys that look like its keys. National Distillers used to reward their salesmen with keys very like those of P.B.K. but gave it up at the Society's request. The Society has, however, a far more critical matter on hand at the moment. There's a backlog of nearly a hundred applications for charters. In the past, the best the Society was able to do was get through six or eight new charters every three years, when the P.B.K. council met, and at this rate some of the colleges wouldn't hear about their applications for forty or fifty years. The Committee on Qualifications is sympathetically trying to figure out a way to speed things up. About the only really important college that doesn't have a P.B.K. chapter is Bryn Mawr, whose authorities are said to feel that *all* the girls are smart enough to deserve keys. We asked Mr. Billman if the Society has any secret hocus-pocus, like Skull and Bones, and he told us that that had all been dropped years ago. "Now there's only an initiation ceremony," he

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said, "but no paddling or anything like that. At Harvard, where I got my key, the ceremony was very simple, and you didn't have to go to it if you didn't want to. You got your key anyhow. A while ago, I was asked to initiate young Matthew Huxley, Aldous Huxley's son, who'd been elected at the University of California but had come here before they could initiate him. It wasn't till then that I found out P.B.K. still has a grip. It came as quite a surprise."

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A MEMBER of the graduating class at Columbia who rented a cap and gown from the University bookstore for use at the commencement exercises advises us that he felt uncomfortable throughout the ceremonies, as a result of having noticed that the cap bore a label plainly inscribed "Property of New York University."

"There's a bee in here."

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Looks Low, Is Low

FORD gave a convincing demonstration at the Waldorf that the 1949 car is lower. The show opened at eleven o'clock, and by twenty minutes past eleven every car on the ballroom floor had dropped out of sight behind the people. As the announcer put it, "Looks lower, *is* lower."

We clawed our way through to one of the sedans and made a few private measurements, to test the manufacturer's claims. The claims stand up. The 1949 Ford stands five feet three. We stand five feet eight and a half, without hat. The hood came up to our navel. The top of the door came up to our breast pocket—the one where the handkerchief should have been. The luggage compartment is roomy fore and aft, and is low. The rear deck is rather straight and low-crowned. The hood is rather straight and low-crowned. The rear seat has been moved forward. The front seat has been moved forward. The floor has been dropped. The windows are as big as you can get in a car as low as the 1949 Ford. The windshield, however, is less large than the windshield in the Ford we are currently driving—a 1921 model, with the old transverse springs.

Besides being lower, the new Forty-niner is wider, dearer, and lighter. The sides have been brought out to the fender line. The rear seat is sixty inches wide. The front seat is fifty-seven inches wide. The car has Deep Breath Manifolding, Equa-Flo Cooling, Para-Flex Rear Springs, Hydra-Coil Front Springs, and comes in ten colors and two years. The colors seemed to us most attractive.

The story of how the luggage compartment got roomier is a pretty story all in itself. You won't find it in any of the literature, but if you study the cross-section, you can work it out for yourself. First of all, the roof had to be lowered. (Or should we just say it *got* lowered?) Anyway, when the roof was dropped down, the seats had to be dropped down; otherwise there wouldn't be headroom. And when the seats were dropped down, the floor had to be dropped down; otherwise there wouldn't be legroom. But the rear seat was down so low already that the only way to get it lower was to recess the frame and move the rear seat forward, to bring it ahead of the rear-axle housing. This meant that the front seat also had to be moved forward; otherwise there wouldn't be any room between the seats. So both seats went forward and downward, creating the new Mid Ship Ride as well as a roomier luggage compartment. A veritable miracle.

Our eavesdropping at the show convinced us that the public is well satisfied with the Forty-niner. America wants a low car. Even more than it wants a low car, it wants a car, and the crowd seemed happy about the Ford. "Now coming up on your left," said the announcer, "is your dream car. The top is raised or lowered with an easy turn of the wrist." A thousand wrists felt the little, dull pain of despair, and of hope.

The road clearance is still 7.1 inches —same as before. "That," a salesman explained to us, "is because so many of these Fords are used on farms, where the going is rough."

Lost Art

ONE-lady-to-another remark overheard last week before a Madonna-and-Child painting in the recent exhibit of German pictures at the Metropolitan Museum: "You simply *never* see babies with rings under their eyes like that any more."

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"To tell you the truth, my voice has never been a hundred per cent right since that 'We Want Willkie' business."

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A CALL ON MRS. FORRESTER

(AFTER REREADING, IN MY MIDDLE YEARS, WILLA CATHER'S "A LOST LADY" AND HENRY JAMES' "THE AMBASSADORS")

I DROPPED off a Burlington train at Sweet Water one afternoon last fall to call on Marian Forrester. It was a lovely day. October stained the hills with quiet gold and russet, and scarlet as violent as the blood spilled not far away so many years ago along the banks of the Little Big Horn. It had been just such a day as this when I was last in Sweet Water, fifteen years before, but the glory of the earth affected me more sharply now than it had when I was midway through my confident thirties. October weather, once a plentiful wine, had become a rare and precious brandy and I took my time savoring it as I walked out of the town toward the Forrester house. Sweet Water has changed greatly since the days when Frank Ellinger stepped down from the Burlington and everybody in the place knew about it. The town is large and wealthy now and, it seemed to me, vulgar and preoccupied. I was afflicted with a sense of having come into the presence of an old uncle, declining in the increase of his fortune, who no longer bothered to identify his visitors. It was a relief to leave the town behind, but as I approached the Forrester house I felt that the lines of my face were set in grave resolution rather than in high anticipation. It was all so different from the free, lost time of the lovely lady's "bright occasions" that I found myself making a little involuntary gesture with my hand, like one who wipes the tarnish from a silver spoon, searching for a fine, forgotten monogram.

I first met Marian Forrester when I was twenty-seven, and then again when I was thirty-six. It is my vanity to believe that Mrs. Forrester had no stauncher admirer, no more studious appreciator. I took not only her smallest foible but her largest sin in my stride; I was as fascinated by the glitter of her flaws as by the glow of her perfections, if, indeed, I could tell one radiance from the other. There was never anything reprehensible to me in the lady's ardent adventures, and even in her awfulest attachment I persisted in seeing only the further flowering of a unique and privileged spirit. As I neared her home, I remembered a dozen florid charities I had invented to cover her multitude of frailties: her dependence on money and position, her admiration of an aristocracy half false and half imaginary, her lack of any security inside herself, her easy loneliness. It was no use, I was fond of telling myself, to look for the qualities of the common and wholesome morning-glory in the strange and wanton Nicotiana. From the darkest earth, I would add, springs ever the sweetest rose. A green isle in the sea, if it has the sparkling fountain, needs not the solemn shrine, and so forth and so on.

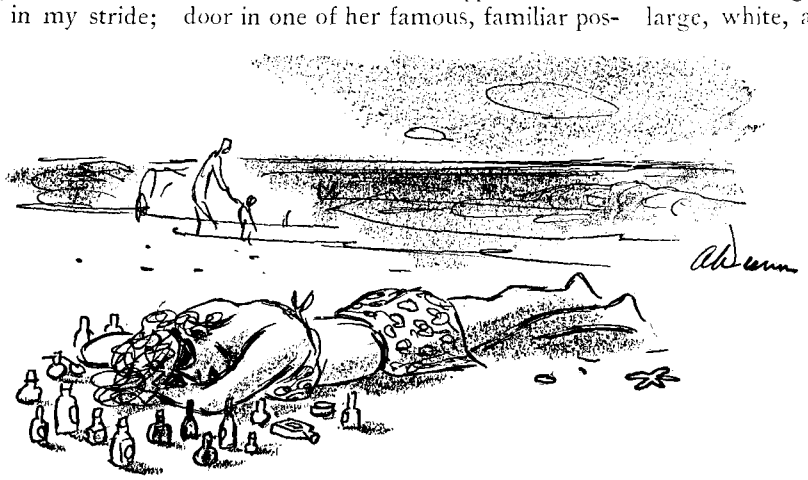
I had built the lady up very high, as you see. I had commanded myself to believe that emotional literacy, a lively spirit, and personal grace, so rarely joined in American females, particularly those who live between Omaha and Denver, were all the raiment a lady needed. As I crossed the bridge, with the Forrester house now in full view, I had, all of a sudden, a disturbing fancy. There flashed into my consciousness a vivid vision of the pretty lady, seated at her dressing table, practicing in secrecy her little arts, making her famous earrings gleam with small, studied turnings of her head, revealing her teeth for a moment in a brief, mocking smile, and, unhappiest picture of all, rehearsing her wonderful laughter.

I STOPPED on the bridge and leaned against the rail and felt old and tired. Black clouds had come up, obscuring the sun, and they seemed to take the mushroom shape of atomic dust, threatening all frail and ancient satisfactions. It began to rain.

I wondered what I would say to Marian Forrester if she appeared at the door in one of her famous, familiar postures—*en déshabillé*, her hair down her back, a brush in her hand, her face raised in warm, anachronistic gaiety. I tried to remember what we had ever talked about, and could think only of the dreadful topic of grasping women and eligible men. We had never discussed any book that I could recall, and she had never mentioned music. I had another of my ungallant fancies—a vision of the lovely lady at a concert in the town, sitting with bright eye and deaf ear, displaying a new bonnet and gown, striving, less subtly than of old, to capture the attention of worried and oblivious gentlemen. I recalled with sharp clarity a gown and bonnet she had once worn, but for the life of me I could not put a face between them. I caught the twinkle of earrings, and that was all.

The latest newspaper lying open on a chair, a note stuck in a milk bottle on the back porch, are enough to indicate the pulse of a living house, but there would not even be these faint signs of today and tomorrow in Marian Forrester's house, only the fibrillation of a yesterday that had died but would not stay dead. There would be an old copy of *Ainslee's* on the floor somewhere, a glitter of glass under a broken windowpane, springs leaking from a ruptured sofa, a cobweb in a chandelier, a dusty etching of Notre Dame unevenly hung on the wall, and a stopped clock on the marble mantel above a cold fireplace. I could see the brandy bottle, too, on a stained table, wearing its cork drunkenly.

Just to the left of the front door, the big hall closet would be filled with relics of the turn of the century—the canes and guns of Captain Forrester, a crokinole board, a diabolo, a frivolous parasol, a collection of McKinley campaign buttons, a broken stereopticon, a table-tennis net, a toppled stack of blue poker chips and a scatter of playing cards, a wood-burning set, and one of those large, white, artificial Easter eggs you put to your eye and, squinting into it, behold the light that never was, in a frosty fairyland. There would be a crack in the crusty shell, and common daylight would violate the sanctuary of the yellowed and tottery angels. You could find, in all the litter, as measuring sticks of calamity, nothing longer than an envelope firmly ad-



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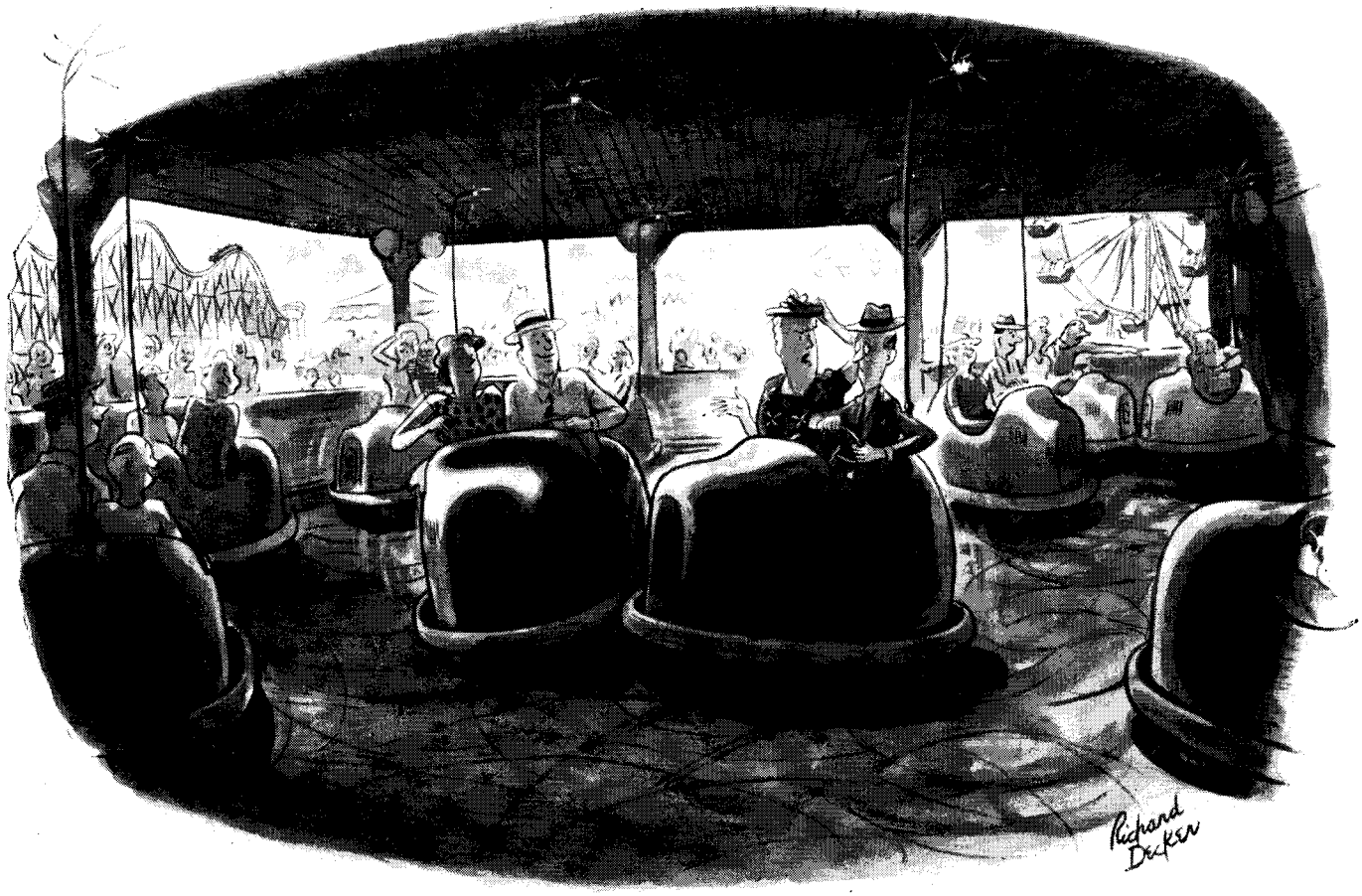

"Look out! For goodness' sake, can't you keep your mind on your driving? Turn left! Slow down!"

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dressed in a gentleman's hand, a cancelled check, a stern notice from the bank.

The shade of one upstairs window was pulled all the way down, and it suddenly had the effect of making the house appear to wink, as if it were about to whisper, out of the corner of its door, some piece of scandal. If I went in, I might be embarrassed by the ungainly sounds of someone moving about upstairs after the lady had descended, sounds that she would cover by riffling nervously through a dozen frilly seasons of her faded past, trying, a little shrilly, to place me among the beaux in some half-remembered ballroom. I was afraid, too, that I might encounter in some dim and dusty mirror a young man frowning disapproval of an older self come to make a judgment on a poor lady not for her sake and salvation but, in some strange way, for his own. And what if she brought out, in the ruins of her famous laughter, what was left of the old disdain, and fixed me shrewdly for what I was, a frightened penitent, come to claim and take away and burn the old praises he had given her? I wouldn't succeed, of course, standing there in my unbecoming middle years, foolishly clutching reasons and arguments like a shopper's husband loaded down with bundles. She would gaily accuse me of being in love with another and, with the ghost of one of her poses of charming bewilderment, would claim a forfeit for my cruelty and insist that I sit down and have a brandy. I would have one—oh, several—and in the face of my suspicions of the presence of a man upstairs, my surrender would compromise the delicacy of my original cool intentions, and the lost individual would be, once again, as always in this house, myself. I wondered, standing there in the rain, how it would all come out.

She would get the other lady's name out of me easily enough when the brandy began to ebb in the bottle, and, being Marian Forrester, for whom jealousy was as simple as a reflex, she would be jealous of the imaginary relations of a man she could not place, with a woman she had never heard of. I would then confess my love for Mme. de Vionnet, the lady of the lilacs, of Gloriani's bright Sunday garden, of the stately house in the Boulevard Malesherbes, with its cool parlor and dark medallions. I would rise no doubt to the seedy grandiloquence of which I am capable when the cognac is flowing, and I could hear her pitiless comment. "One of those women who have something to *give*, for heaven's sake!" she would say. "One of those women who save men, a female whose abandon might possibly tiptoe to the point of tousling her lover's hair, a woman who at the first alarm of a true embrace would telephone the gendarmes." "Stop it!" I heard myself shout there in the rain. "I beg you to remember it was once said of Mme. de Vionnet that when she touched a thing, the ugliness, God knows how, went out of it." "How sweet!" I could hear Mrs. Forrester go on. "And yet, according to you, she lost her lover, for all her charm, and to a snippet of an applecheek from New England. Did the ugliness go out of *that*? And if it did, what did the

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poor lady do with all the prettiness?"

As I stood there in the darkening afternoon, getting soaked, I realized sharply that in my fantasy I had actually been handing Marian Forrester stones to throw at the house in Paris, and the confusion in my viewpoint of the two ladies, if up to that moment I had had a viewpoint, overwhelmed me. I figured what would happen as the shadows deepened in the Forrester house, and we drank what was left of the brandy out of ordinary tumblers—the *ballons* of the great days would long since have been shattered. Banter would take on the sharp edge of wrangling, and in the end she would stand above me, maintaining a reedy balance, and denounce the lady of the lilacs in the flat terms she had overheard gentlemen use so long ago over their cigars and coffee in the library. I would set my glass down on the sticky arm of the chair and get up and stalk out into the hall. But though she had the last word, she would not let me have the last silence, the gesture in conclusion. She would follow me to the door. In her house, by an ancient rule, Marian Forrester always had the final moment—standing on the threshold, her face lifted, her eyes shining, her hand raised to wave goodbye. Yes, she would follow me to the door, and in the hall—I could see it so clearly I shivered there on the bridge—something wonderful would happen. With the faintest of smiles and the slightest of murmurs, I would bow to my hostess, open the door, and walk not out into the rain but into that damn closet, with its junk and clutter, smashing the Easter egg with my shoe, becoming tangled in the table-tennis net, and holding in my hand, when I regained my balance, that comic parasol. Mme. de Vionnet would ignore such a calamity; she would pretend not to see it, on the ground that a hostess is blind—a convention that can leave a man sitting at table with an omelet in his lap, unable to mention it, forced to go on with the conversation. But Marian would laugh, the lost laugh of the bright occasions, of the day of her shameless passion in the snow, and it would light the house like candles, reducing the sounds upstairs, in some miraculous way, to what they really were, the innocent creaking of the old floor boards. "What's all this about saving men?" I would cry. "Look who's talking!" And, still holding the parasol, I would kiss her on the cheek, mumble something about coming back someday, and leave, this time by the right door, finding, as I went to rejoin myself at the bridge, a poker chip in the cuff of my trousers.

IT seems like a long time ago, my call on Mrs. Forrester. I have never been back. I didn't even send her a valentine last February. But I did send a pretty book of impeccable verses to Mme. de Vionnet, writing in the inscription something polite and nostalgic about "*ta voix dans le Bois de Boulogne.*" I did this, I suppose, out of some obscure guilt sense—these things are never very clear to any man, if the truth were told. I think the mental process goes like this, though. Drinking brandy out of a water glass in the amiable company of a lady who uses spirits for anodyne and not amenity, a timid gentleman promises his subconscious to make up for it later on by taking a single Malaga before *déjeuner à midi* with a fastidious lady, toying with aspic, discussing Thornton Wilder, praising the silverpoint in the hall on the way out, and going home to lie down, exhausted but somehow purified.

I will carry lilacs, one of these summers, to the house on the Boulevard Malesherbes, and take Mme. de Vionnet to a matinée of "Louise," have a white port with her at one of the little terraces at the quietest corner of the Parc Monceau, and drop her at her door well before the bold moon has begun to wink at the modest twilight. Since, in the best Henry James tradition, I will get nothing out of this for myself, it ought to make up for something. I could do worse than spend my last summers serenely, sipping wine, clop-clopping around town, listening to good music, kissing a lady's hand at her door, going to bed early and getting a good night's sleep. A man's a fool who walks in the rain, drinks too much brandy, risks his neck floundering around in an untidy closet. Besides, if you miss the six-fifteen, the eastbound Burlington that has a rendezvous with dusk in Sweet Water every day except Sundays and holidays, you have to wait till midnight for the next train east. A man could catch his death, dozing there in that cold and lonesome station.

—JAMES THURBER

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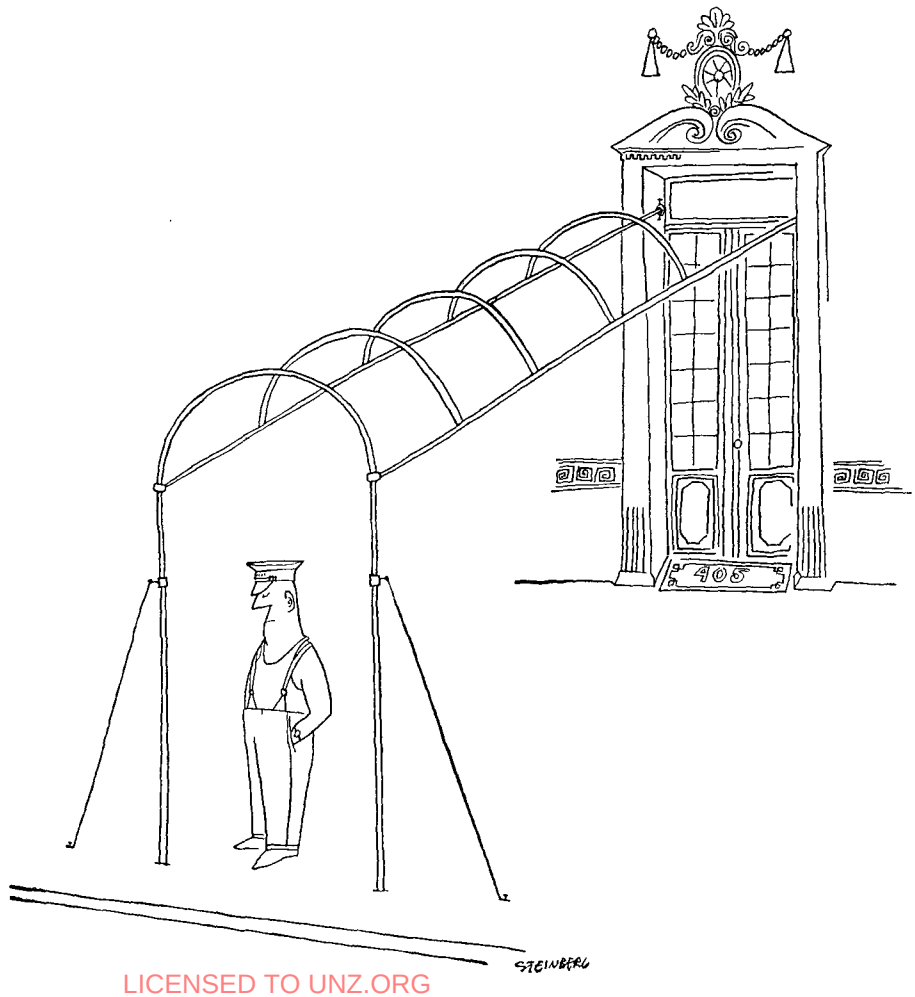
Less than 10,000,000,000 people live on the island of Sumatra.—*Baltimore News-Post.*

Hmm, a backwater.



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BLACK SHEEP

IN the Czechoslovakian city where I grew up, people became very conscious and imitative of America after the first World War. A few of the more affluent citizens bought American-made cars, the cabarets had "American" jazz bands, and one movie theatre presented the Messrs. Chaplin, Mix, and Fairbanks exclusively. Permanent poker games ran in the back rooms of certain cafés, and the local divorce rate began to rise.

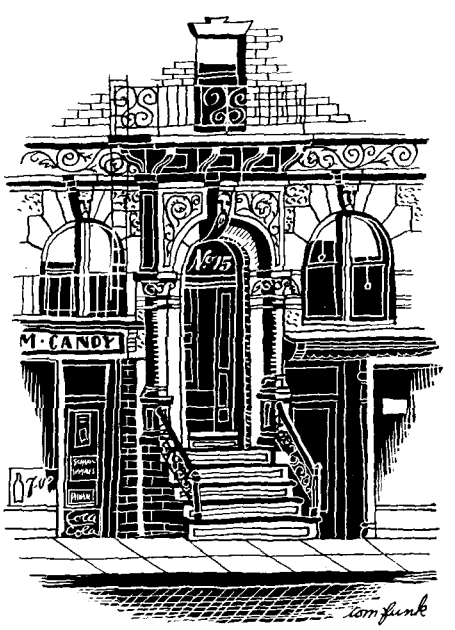
It was early in this period that my Uncle Max was heard from for the first time since his departure, in disgrace, ten or more years before, and emerged, after years of being regarded as the black sheep of the family, as its most illustrious son—the incarnation of our most romantic dreams about America. My cousin Dolek, a prosperous typewriter salesman, compared Uncle Max favorably to Mr. Underwood, and my two uncles who were bankers spoke of him as a sort of lesser Morgan.

It took me quite a while to get used to this new concept of Uncle Max, because all during my early boyhood I had thought of him as a wastrel and a renegade. The fact is that then his name was seldom mentioned by the grownups when I was around. If it were, my mother would suddenly start talking French, which I did not understand, or tell me to go to the kitchen and get her a glass of water. "Let it run for five minutes, until it's cold," she would say. Such secrecy had, of course, the opposite effect to the one it was intended to have, and by piecing together the scraps of information I overheard at one time or another I was able to establish the basic facts about my uncle in America. It seemed that he had been an extremely handsome man, who played the flute and the piano, had been the fastest waltzer in town, and had had a double-breasted gray silk waistcoat. He had been always in debt and always borrowing money from the more substantial members of the family.

In my later boyhood, I gathered that Uncle Max had had a theory, later shared by American economists, that it wasn't money that counted but its rapid turnover. Most of the stories about him had to do with his ingenious handling of his finances. He rarely bothered to have an apartment, preferring to make guest appearances at the homes of his brothers and sisters. In no time, he would be borrowing money from the cook, playing the piano in the early-morning hours, bringing musicians, bartenders, and *danseuses* to supper, and in general surrounding himself with such disturbing company that his panicky relatives would ask him for God's sake to leave, offering as an inducement a sum of money. This Uncle Max would never refuse, and he would always insist on issuing an I.O.U. for it. Several times he prevailed upon his journalist friends to publish gruesome stories about his having been robbed in some dark street. Then he would clip these stories out of the newspapers and mail them around to various relatives as a way of indicating his financial plight. Once, he made a deal with a friend who was the police commissioner in a suburban town and was put in jail. My grandfather was notified and drove over there in his droshky and "bailed out" his son.

Eventually, Uncle Max had skipped, taking along "Grandmother's stones." There were two kinds of stones in the family, I learned at an early age. With Grandfather, it was gallstones, with Grandmother diamonds and sapphires. Uncle Max had left behind an I.O.U. and a long letter begging his parents to forgive him and explaining that he was going to America to make his fortune and that he considered the jewels merely a loan. The story of their and Uncle Max's disappearance got out. My grandfather's prestige suffered, and for weeks my grandmother avoided her coffee-and-sewing circle.

During the years between Uncle Max's disappearance and the beginning of the war, no one heard anything from or about him. My grandfather and grandmother died a year or so after the war started, and as far as most members of the family were concerned, Uncle Max was dead, too. One of my uncles went so far as to suggest that his figure—tall, elegant, wax-mustachioed—be blotted out of various extant copies of the family-group photograph, but nothing was done about this. During the war, the possibility was occasionally suggested, with some bitterness, that Uncle Max was in the American Army fighting against his own brothers, who were in the Austrian Army. I was greatly impressed by a play I saw about that time in which two brothers, soldiers in opposing armies, met each other in a dramatic climax on a battlefield. I don't remember what happened in the play, but the women in the audience cried, the men blew their noses, and I wondered whether the author had possibly known the sad story of my Uncle Max.



I BELIEVE it was in the fall of 1919 that a letter arrived from Uncle Max. A family council was called at our house immediately, and the letter was read and discussed. Naturally, I wasn't at the meeting, but I had reached the age of twelve, and my mother afterward told me what had gone on. Uncle Max had said that he had been trying to communicate with us all through the war. He had not fought in the American Army, having been excused from military service because of gall-bladder trouble, and he had not written during the first years after he left Europe because he was having a hard time of it. He had only recently learned, in a roundabout way, of the deaths of his father and mother. He had become a partner in a New York stockbrokerage firm and was firmly established, at last, he said, and he wanted to pay up everything—for the stones, all the loans. He enclosed with his letter a check for two thousand dollars.

That was a great day, and so was the next one, when my mother gave a party with *Guglhupf*, sandwiches, and coffee, and invited all the gossipmongers in town. For the first time, I heard Uncle Max referred to respectfully, as "an American millionaire." One of my aunts pointed to him in the copy of the family-group photograph that hung in our living room and said that he was the dead spit of Grandfather, God bless him. "He even inherited Grandfather's gall-bladder trouble," she said, and all the other members of the family nodded

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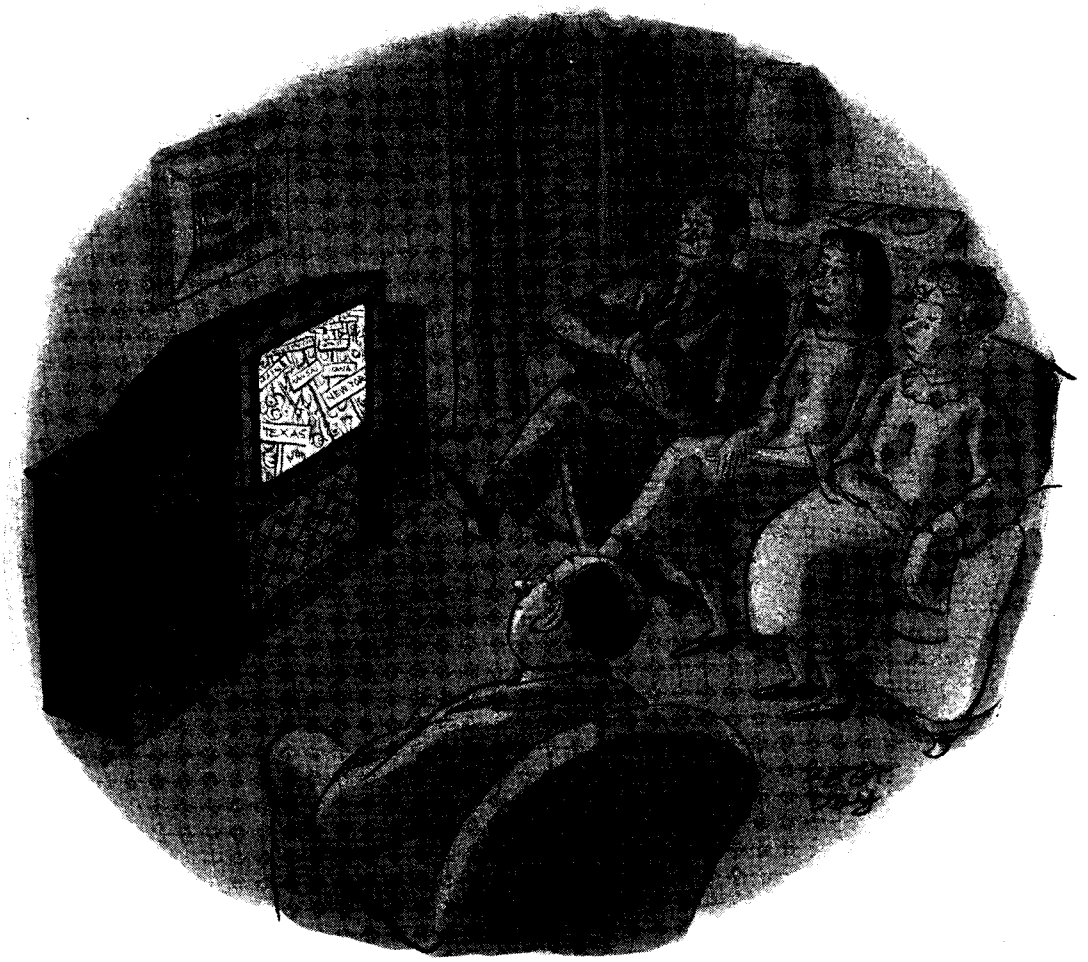
and smiled. Everybody present was permitted to take a look at the check, drawn on the National City Bank of New York.

On the third day, the family gathered at our house again, this time for a business session. Uncle Max's two thousand dollars, when converted into Czech currency, which was already at that time fantastically inflated, represented a fabulous sum, and it was decided that my two banker uncles and a distant kinsman who sat on the local bench should act as administrators of the unexpected wealth. These eminent persons supervised the distribution of the money, according to priority of loan (as evidenced by Uncle Max's I.O.U.s) and proximity of relationship. Quite a few relatives had taken such a pessimistic view of Uncle Max's financial future that they had destroyed their I.O.U.s, but the whole fund was somehow disbursed. The muttering that followed was suddenly stilled by the arrival of a second check from New York, this time for a thousand dollars.



"And now we're going to switch you to a little smoke-filled room in the Hotel Benjamin Franklin."

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During the next few years, other checks came in from time to time, and many assorted presents, and Uncle Max gained more and more lustre as the paragon of our family. When a child didn't want to eat his carrots or take his cod-liver oil, it was pointed out that Uncle Max had eaten carrots twice a day and had doted on cod-liver oil. Inevitably, the younger generation tended to become resentful of Uncle Max, who had set such a horridly virtuous standard for them, but then Christmas would come along and there would be parcels from America containing souvenir copies of the Statue of Liberty, fountain pens, cowboy hats, watches, and electric trains, and Uncle Max would again be a hero.

FOR several years, our family life was radiant with glamour, and we were the envy of all our friends and neighbors. Then, sometime in the middle twenties, the lustre began to dim. Naturally, Uncle Max's munificence encouraged spongers and crackpots, and he had to turn down various requests for loans or to back certain improbable business enterprises in our community. Among the disappointed supplicants were two malicious spinsters, twice- or thrice-removed cousins, who had never met Uncle Max. They asked him for a thousand dollars, so that they could spend the winter in Monte Carlo, and when his secretary wrote them that Uncle Max had "too many other pressing obligations," they took a cue from his letterhead and pointed out the suspicious circumstance that his brokerage firm had a branch office in Chicago. This was nicely timed innuendo, because everybody in town was then under the spell of lurid Chicago stories that were appearing in our newspapers. Sawed-off shotguns, gangster funerals, one-way rides, highjackers were familiar to everyone in our town, five thousand miles east of Chicago, and it was easy for our neighbors to believe that anyone with a connection there must be a henchman of Al Capone. The rumor that Uncle Max was a gangster became widespread and persistent. People began to remember his questionable past, and the prevalent idea seemed to be "a man never changes." One of our neighbors, who had envied us for years, was overheard saying just that and then adding, "All gangsters are generous and sentimental with their families."

Some of my uncles and aunts made the mistake of denying rather than ignoring such infamous gossip, and this was interpreted as partnership in crime. When one of my uncles, an ex-captain in the Austrian Army and a collector of small arms, received two American guns from Uncle Max as a gift, it was whispered all over town that they had been used in one of the recent gangster battles.

The family resorted to what it hoped would be a conclusive step. It delegated the ex-captain to write and ask Uncle Max to come to Europe for a visit, hoping that a personal appearance would clear his name. For some time, there was no reply, and then, in the spring

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of 1926, the ex-captain received an electrifying wire from London: Uncle Max would pay us a visit within a fortnight!

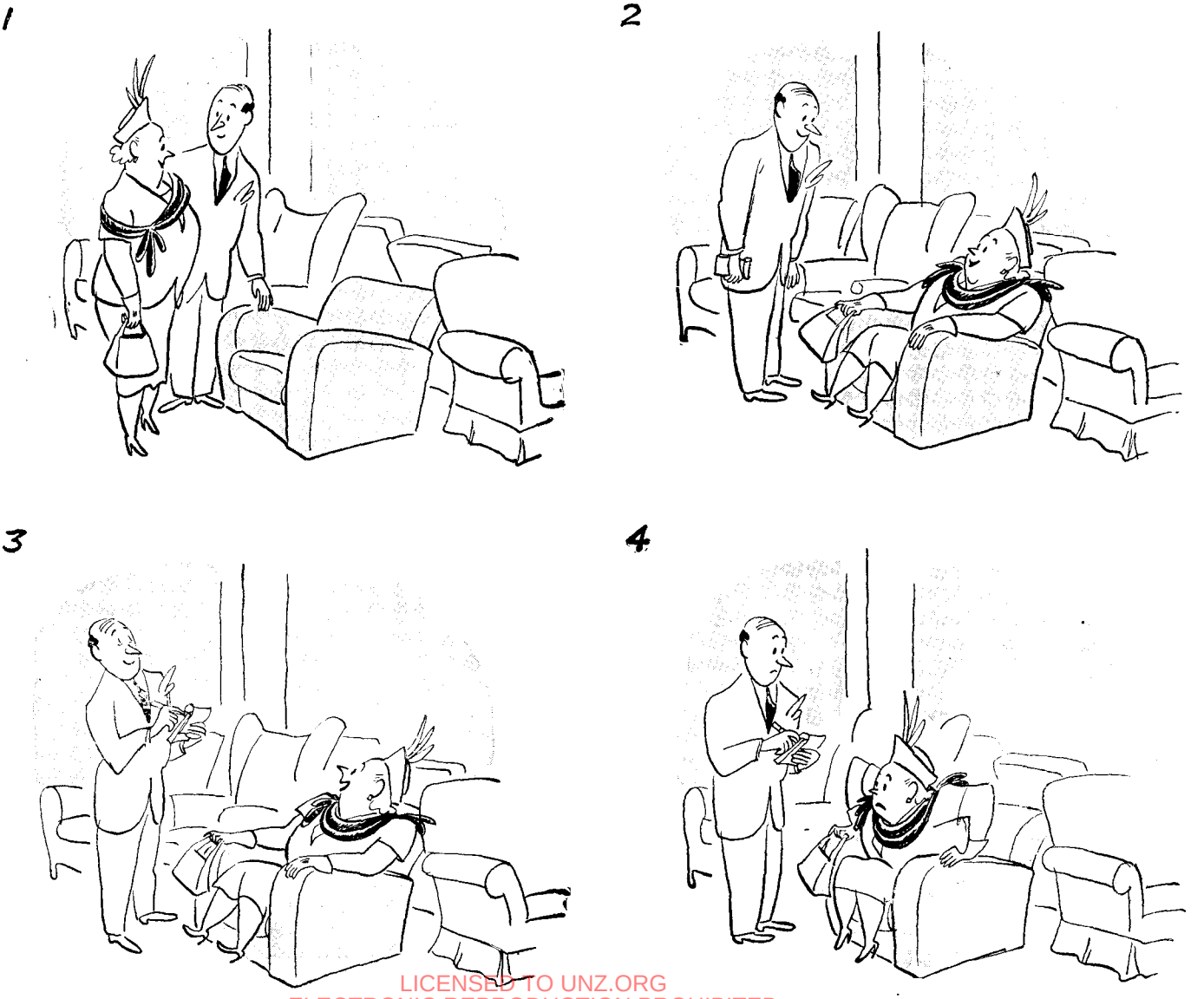
The following week was one of the most animated I remember in our household. The velvet dining-room curtains were taken down and cleaned. The dust covers were taken off the furniture. From the kitchen came the smell of baking. Marie, our old cook, made marzipan rolls, *Linzerschnitten*, and *koláče*, which Uncle Max was said to have eaten with passionate abandon when he'd been a house guest at our place. The back door was locked and my brother Max was posted in front of the door between the kitchen and the dining room with strict orders to bar all cousins, aunts, sisters-in-law, and their cooks from snooping. Similar precautions were taken in the houses of all our relatives. Each household was planning to outcook, outbake, and outroast the others, and hoping to get Uncle Max under its roof. It was finally decided that he would be put up at the best local hotel and "lent out" for meals only.

While the women were preparing enormous amounts of sweets, the men followed Uncle Max's progress across Europe, on a schedule that was completely conjectural as far as I have ever known. "Today, he is in Paris," I remember the ex-captain saying, pointing to a war map he had hung on his wall, like a teacher at a war college discussing the First Battle of the Marne. "Tomorrow, he leaves for Zurich, where he will probably stay a couple of days before going to Vienna."

Then a terrible thing happened. A telegram came from Zurich: "SUDDEN DEVELOPMENTS IN NEW YORK MAKE INSTANTANEOUS RETURN IMPERATIVE SORRY WILL WRITE MAX." My mother and my aunts found themselves stranded with enormous quantities of smoked meats, ragouts, goose liver, poppy-seed cakes, and candies. Worst of all, gossiping townspeople said, "He never intended to come here. He knew he couldn't fool us. If you'd been smart, you wouldn't have fallen for his trick. He's probably riding in an armored limousine with five bodyguards this very minute." The ex-captain wrote Uncle Max an angry letter, accusing him of dealing with the underworld.

The family became resigned to the fact that once again Uncle Max had become a notorious personality. It was often pointed out that it was a good thing that Grandfather and Grandmother hadn't lived to learn of his further disgrace. My more practical relatives said that at least Uncle Max had become a success as a gangster and pointed out that he was still sending presents and sometimes money. In the presence of strangers, Uncle Max was never mentioned.

TWO years later, in July, 1928, I crossed the Atlantic, as a ship's musician aboard the French liner La



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Bourdonnais, and during our layover of a few days in New York I was determined to make a cautious investigation of Uncle Max. It would be a difficult undertaking, since I knew nothing about America and my English was limited to such phrases as "Would you like to meet me after the evening concert on the sun deck?" and "Thanks, I'll have soda with mine."

In a drugstore on Columbus Circle, I looked up the number of Uncle Max's firm and succeeded in getting the connection. A cheerful voice said, "Good morning," and I asked for my uncle, by name. The voice said, "Who?," and I gave the name again, trying to pronounce it as I thought it would be pronounced in America. "For God's sake, spell it," the girl said. I didn't know what "spell" meant. The operator got discouraged and connected me with a man with a concrete-mixer voice. I said "Hello," and asked again to speak to my uncle. The man said, "That you, Nino? Look, I been waiting for you all morning. I thought you'd run out on me. What about that gin and Scotch?"

I hung up the receiver in a reflex movement of fright. My hand was trembling. So the people back home had been right! My uncle Max actually was head of a bootlegging gang that used a brokerage firm as cover. All the stories I'd read in the papers and seen in the movies flashed through my mind. I left the telephone booth, glancing furtively over my shoulder. Perhaps G-men were already tracing the telephone call; perhaps I was being shadowed. I hurried out of the drugstore, jumped into a trolley car going uptown, got out after a few blocks, took a car going back, and finally a crosstown car. Hunted men in motion pictures always used taxicabs to confuse their pursuers, but I didn't have enough money to use taxicabs. I finally found myself in a hotel lobby on Fifth Avenue, where I tried once more to telephone my uncle. This time, I was connected with a woman who sounded crisp and efficient. I told her who I was and said that I *had* to talk to my uncle. She seemed to understand me, and said that it was a shame but that he had gone to Chicago for three days. She started to say something else, but I'd heard enough. I slammed down the receiver and went back to my ship.

I RETURNED to New York late in the winter of 1929 for a similarly brief stay. I was more worldly-wise, more adept in English, and more determined than ever to see Uncle Max, and I went to his office, on the twentieth floor of a building on Broad Street. I entered a room that was dominated by an enormous blackboard before which a number of men in attitudes of dejection were slumped in chairs.

My uncle was out of town again, this time in Detroit, but his secretary was there and she came out to see me. She was a rather elderly lady, who looked more like a schoolteacher than anything else, and she told me she knew a great deal about my uncle's relatives. She took me into his private office—an oak-panelled room that breathed conservatism and respectability. On the desk, in a heavy frame, was the family-group photograph I knew so well. The secretary tried to explain something called Black Friday, which had occurred a few weeks before. It seemed that everybody had been wiped out, including Uncle Max. He might have saved something, but he had refused to let his clients down when the crash came, because they had acted on his advice and he felt morally responsible. The secretary wept. "I've worked in the Street for more than twenty years," she said, "and he's the finest, most generous person I've ever met." Then she collected herself and asked me how long I was going to be in town.

"I'm sailing tomorrow night on the Ile-de-France," I said.

"What a shame!" she said. "Your uncle will be terribly disappointed. You must be sure to look him up next time you come to New York."

I got back to New York next three years later and tried to telephone Uncle Max, and they told me at his office that he had died six months before of a coronary thrombosis. I went down to Broad Street hoping to find his secretary. She had left after my uncle's death. Nobody knew what had happened to the group photograph that had stood for so many years on Uncle Max's desk.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Digby (Nova Scotia) Courier]

The Jolly Eight Club met at the home of Mrs. Lindsay Outhouse, Tiverton, last Thursday. Special feature of the evening was a combined hankie shower for two of the club members, Mrs. Delroy Outhouse and Mrs. Roy Leeman, the occasion being their birthdays. After a hilarious evening, the guests entered the dining room to the strains of "Happy Birthday." The centre of attraction was the artistically decorated minty mocha birthday cake made by the hostess. The toast was proposed by Mrs. Chester Outhouse and responsed to by Mrs. Roy Leeman. At an early hour the guests retired to their homes, anticipating a big event in the coming week.

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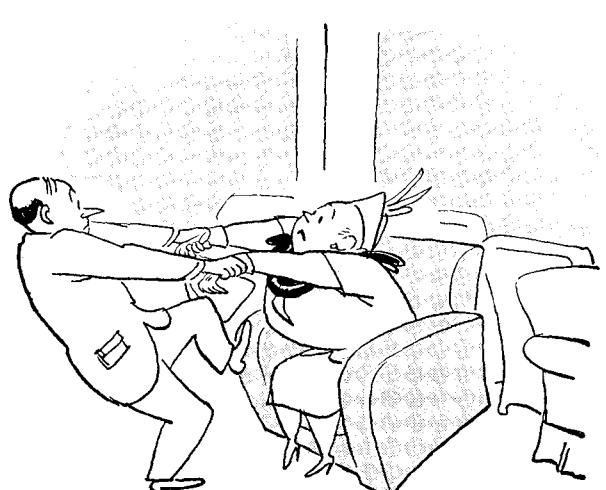

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Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

PROFILES

THE YEARS ALONE—II

A FEW months ago, a secretary employed by Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt computed that during a single week, which was practically indistinguishable from any other week of her boss's current life, Mrs. Roosevelt had received ninety-four messages, exclusive of purely social ones, asking her to go somewhere or do something for somebody else's sake. These requests came from sixteen states, the District of Columbia, Mexico, Canada, and Puerto Rico. There were invitations to three lunches, eight afternoon receptions, and nine dinners, from, among other hopeful organizations, the Academy of American Poets, Youth, Inc., the English-Speaking Union of the United States, the New York Teachers' Guild, and the Summer Camps and Seasonal Activities Bureau of the Salvation Army. Twenty of the messages asked Mrs. Roosevelt to make speeches to further the ends of, among other groups, the New Jersey Hospitality Committee, the Princess Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star, the Manitoba Educational Association, the Lincolnside Industrial Club of America, the Junior League of the Hebrew Tabernacle of Washington Heights, and the Parent Teachers' Association of P.S. 144, Forest Hills. She was urged to put in an appearance, but not specifically to say anything, at, among other gatherings, a public hearing by the New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging, a meeting of the International People's College Committee, a bazaar for the Northern Dutchess Hospital, and an exhibit of ancient gilt bronzes at China House. Her physical presence was not requested but she was asked to devote some thought or action to, among other matters, allowing a figurine of herself to be reproduced in quantity and sold for the benefit of distressed European Jews, judging the fifth annual Church School Essay Contest of the *Living Church*, sponsoring a research project in musical therapy, writing a foreword to a book to explain sex to children in their own words, contributing to the official publications of the Brooklyn Branch of the National Alliance of Postal Employees and of the Barbers' and Beauty Culturists' Union of America, and helping to popularize a new universal language. It is not true, as some people think, that Mrs. Roosevelt responds enthusiastically to every proposition laid before her. Of the ninety-four requests she got that particular week, she turned down, with varying degrees of regret, eighty-two.

Many of the individuals and groups who ask favors of Mrs. Roosevelt feel that, although she has not resided in the White House for three years, she can immeasurably contribute, by her endorsement, to the success of any venture. Except in her capacity as a United States spokesman in the United Nations, she has no official standing in this country, but vast numbers of her fellow-citizens find this hard to believe. She went to England this spring at the invitation of the Pilgrims of Great Britain, which asked her to attend the unveiling, in London, of a statue of her husband, and which booked a round-trip passage for her on the Queen Elizabeth. This arrangement had scarcely been revealed when Mrs. Roosevelt received a telephone call from an official of the United States Lines, who pleaded with her to travel instead, because of her prestige and her influence, on the America. Mrs. Roosevelt replied that she was awfully sorry but that since she was going abroad as a private citizen at the invitation of a foreign group, and since the Pilgrims had been good enough to plan everything for her, she really didn't think she had any right to try to change her accommodations. "But, Mrs. Roosevelt," said the man, in a final effort to remind her of her peculiar status, "you *christened* the America."

Mrs. Roosevelt has long been especially concerned about the welfare of minorities, and most of the organizations whose hopes she tries to make come true are working toward the amelioration of conditions circumscribing the lives of such currently abused groups as Negroes, Jews, displaced persons, and the Democratic Party. Once she has agreed to lend her name to a bazaar, dinner, mass meeting, political candidate, or whatnot, her efforts to fulfill the commitment are heroic. A while ago, she stated in her syndicated column, "My Day," that the guiding slogan of her life is "Engagements must be kept." She fanatically observes this stern commandment. She almost always travels by train from her base of operations—a triangular area bounded by Hyde Park, New York City, and Lake Success—to any remote engagement in this country, to be reasonably certain of getting there on time; she almost always returns by plane, to gain a few precious hours before taking up the next item on her awesome private agenda. Her movements are, of course, limited by the indivisibility of the human body, but she often gives the impression of being in two places at once or of being not a single person but a far-flung institution, like, say, Sherwin-Williams paints. One day this spring, Mrs. Roosevelt, who is sixty-three, had a breakfast conference with some undergraduates at Bryn Mawr College, in Pennsylvania; drove to Philadelphia, took a train to New York, and spoke at a fund-raising luncheon for a boys' school; attended to a few odds and ends of business in the city; drove to Poughkeepsie and, arriving there late in the afternoon, spoke to some Vassar girls about the United Nations; had a quick bite at her Hyde Park home; returned to Poughkeepsie for a Girl Scouts powwow; and then went back home, dictated a column telling about it all, and disposed of a sheaf of accumulated correspondence.

AS one might expect of an institution, Mrs. Roosevelt has two telephone lines into her New York City headquarters, an apartment in Greenwich Village (she is not listed in the directory, but even so a single line could not handle the flow of incoming traffic), and two secretaries. At her Hyde Park headquarters, there is a third secretary. Whether at one of these permanent

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bases or in the field, Mrs. Roosevelt is usually attended by a fourth secretary, or super-secretary, Miss Malvina Thompson, who has been her principal aide for twenty-six years. Mrs. Roosevelt is so much a part of Miss Thompson's life that Miss Thompson generally says "we" when she means "she." Mrs. Roosevelt could not possibly get along with fewer assistants unless she were to prove faithless not only to "Engagements must be kept" but also to a complementary injunction that might be summed up as "Mail must be answered." She gets a thousand letters a week (including a sprinkling from spiritualists who say they have been in touch with President Roosevelt and would be glad to transmit his views on the state of world affairs to his widow for a modest consideration, like five thousand dollars), and she replies, or Miss Thompson replies, to nearly all of them. Mrs. Roosevelt made an exception in the case of letters of condolence after her husband died. Twenty-five thousand arrived in the first five days, and there were probably over a hundred thousand in all, though nobody ever tackled the job of counting them. It took three months just to get them opened. At her suggestion, President Truman acknowledged them for her at one of his press conferences, and Mrs. Roosevelt, after sending cards of gratitude to those people she knew personally, expressed further thanks in her column.

Mrs. Roosevelt spends about three hours a day on her correspondence with strangers. Until recently, following a custom she established soon after her husband became President, she obligingly operated one of the world's most unusual non-profit mail-order services. In response to almost any question about things that were bothering her correspondents, she supplied a detailed answer. Someone who wanted to know the incidence of asthma among teen-age girls would ask Mrs. Roosevelt, and she would obtain the facts from the United States Public Health Service or whatever source she thought best and pass the information along. It was not too difficult for her to perform this philanthropic function while she was in the White House, for she then had a secretarial staff that averaged around sixteen strong, but last February she decided that her present corps was not up to the task of continuing the service, and today if a farmer writes her asking what he should do about potato bugs, she merely sends him her sympathy and suggests that he deal directly with the Department of Agriculture. Her mail arrives at various addresses—Hyde Park, New York City, and Lake Success; the *Ladies' Home Journal*, for which she conducts a question-and-answer page; the

"Dr. Sedgwick, I'd like you to meet Mr. Denton, from 'Life.'"

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United Feature Syndicate, which distributes her column to the ninety or so newspapers that carry it; and the White House, which forwards a bundle of mail every week. It is all assembled at the New York apartment, opened and sorted by the junior secretaries, and turned over to Miss Thompson, who answers the run-of-the-mill letters herself and sets the rest aside for her boss. Lately, much of the mail has come from people, both inside and outside the United States, who feel that they are being mistreated and, having heard that Mrs. Roosevelt is chairman of the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, ask her to see that they are done right by. There isn't much she can do; the Commission has no authority and after a year and a half's patient deliberation has not decided precisely what rights human beings should have, to say nothing of how they can be guaranteed. Mrs. Roosevelt can handle a good deal of the overseas mail herself. She is well versed in French, German, and Spanish, but she sends letters in other foreign languages to the United Nations or to some foreign-relief agency and asks to have them translated.

Mrs. Roosevelt's mail is of so varied a nature that she once commented, after reading a description of the odd fan mail the Quiz Kids get, that her own was just the same. Much of it is comment on her forthright expression of political, social, and economic views. Even those correspondents who do not wholeheartedly share them seem, by and large, to regard her with respect. One man, who identified himself as a Republican, asked if she would mind letting him know if he was correct in thinking he had seen her on the subway at a certain hour of a certain day, because if he was, he wanted to tell his grandchildren about it. "I am inclined to believe," he wrote, "that the knowledge that I sat for about a quarter of an hour opposite you would give them a sense of great satisfaction."

Like the three other living widows of presidents—Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge—Mrs. Roosevelt has been granted by Congress the privilege of franking her first-class mail. The other widows, also by Congressional legislation and in keeping with tradition, receive government pensions of five thousand dollars a year for life. Mrs. Roosevelt has not been receiving this; for the past two and a half years she has been paid for her services as a United States delegate to the United Nations, and an active federal employee may not receive a federal pension. Between her husband's death, in April, 1945, and her first appointment to the United Nations, in December of that year, Congress never got around to passing a pension bill for her anyway. She is nevertheless comfortably well off. She has long had a small income of her own, and since last fall, when a trust under her husband's will was finally set up, she has been receiving the income from his estate, which, after inheritance taxes, came to just over a million dollars and consisted in large part of property left to President Roosevelt by his mother. The President's estate will eventually be divided among his five children and their children. Mrs. Roosevelt also is well paid for her column and for her *Ladies' Home Journal* stint, but much of the income from these two sources is eaten up by secretaries' salaries and other expenses incidental to the conduct of her formidable affairs. As a member of the United States delegation to the United Nations General Assembly, and as the United States representative on the Human Rights Commission, she theoretically holds two twelve-thousand-dollar-a-year jobs. She is paid only for the days she actually works, at forty-odd dollars a day, and since the two bodies are never concurrently in session and are both often dormant, she doesn't earn anywhere near twelve thousand. Furthermore, even if they were concurrently in session, the most she could receive would be twelve thousand dollars, because the law forbids anybody's being paid for more than one federal job at a time. Though as a rule Mrs. Roosevelt is extremely scrupulous in her finances, it so happens that she has been notably lax in her demands upon the federal treasury and has claimed far fewer working days than she might have. In neither 1946 nor 1947 did her total compensation for her United Nations assignments equal the pension for which they disqualified her.

A somewhat different slant on Mrs.

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE ENTOMOLOGIST'S HEART

Consider the case of Mr. Suggs.
He was an eminent entomologist, which is to say he knew nothing but bugs.
He could tell the Coleoptera from the Lepidoptera,
And the Aphidae and the Katydididae from the Grasshoptera.
He didn't know whether to starve a cold or feed a fever, he was so untherapeutical,
But he knew that in 1737 J. Swammerdam's "Biblia Naturae" had upset the theories of Aristotle and Harvey by demonstrating the presence of pupal structures under the larval cuticle.
His taste buds were such that he was always asking dining-car stewards for their recipe for French dressing and mayonnaise,
But he was familiar with Strauss-Durckheim's brilliant treatise (1828) on the cockchafer and that earlier (1760) but equally brilliant monograph on the goat-moth caterpillar of P. Lyonnet's.
He was so unliterary that he never understood the difference between Ibid and Anonymous,
But he spoke of 1842 as the year in which von Kölliker first described the formation of the blastoderm in the egg of the midge Chironomus.
Mr. Suggs's specialty was fireflies, which he knew inside and out and from stem to stern,
And he was on the track of why they blaze and don't burn,
And then one day he met a girl as fragrant as jessamine,
And he found her more fascinating than the rarest eleven-legged specimen,
But, being a diffident swain, he wished to learn how the land lay before burning his bridges,
So he bashfully asked her mother what she thought of his chances, and she encouragingly said, "At sight of you, my daughter lights up like a firefly," and Mr. Suggs stammered, "Good gracious, what a strange place for a girl to light up!," and rapidly returned to his goat-moth caterpillars, blastoderms, and midges. —OGDEN NASH

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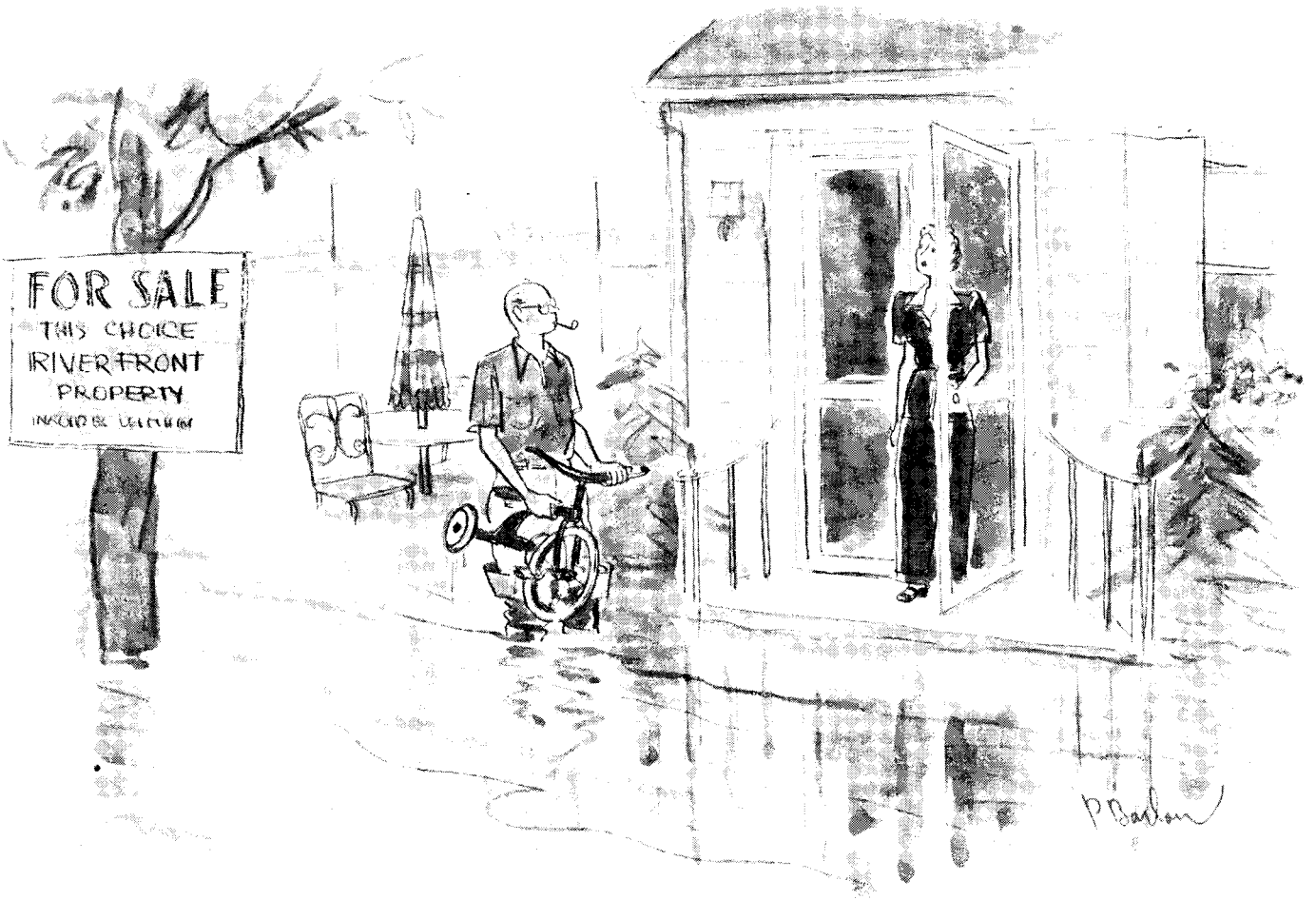

"Maybe you'd better take the sign down for the time being."

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Roosevelt's earnings has been aired in Westbrook Pegler's syndicated column, which once was titled "Fair Enough" but is now called "As Pegler Sees It." As Pegler saw it two and a half years ago, when he went into the matter in considerable detail, Mrs. Roosevelt was raiding the public exchequer to the tune of twelve thousand a year in salary, five thousand a year as a Presidential widow, occasional expense money of twenty-five dollars a day, "and perquisites." "Her income from the taxes of the people thus is $17,000 a year," he added, "plus the franking privilege for the large volume of mail involved in her political and commercial activities and her subsistence while she is on the road." Mrs. Roosevelt has received subsistence, at the rate of ten dollars a day, only while travelling abroad on official business. As for the franking privilege, she uses it only for letters signed in her own hand; she never permits it to be used when, for instance, a facsimile of her signature appears on a form letter sent out in large volume by some organization. Six weeks after Pegler issued his giddy fiscal analysis, he saw fit to refer to a "proposed pension of $5,000" (he did not unnecessarily confuse his followers by explaining that this was a correction of a misstatement), but he did not amend any of his other figures. Pegler likes to encourage independence of thought in his readers, and, to help them out, he sometimes provides them with alternate conclusions that he thinks can be drawn from some premise he has set forth, telling them to take their choice. Thus, on occasion, he has left it up to them to decide whether Mrs. Roosevelt is, as he listed the possibilities, a liar or a fool. Without sharing responsibility with his readers, Pegler has, since she left the White House, called her a "dangerous personality" and a "violent partisan politician," and he once suggested that her husband ought to have punched her "in the snoot." He has stated that her friends are, in the main, Communists and, again, when he was in a different mood, that they are mostly Fascists, and he has called her "Eleanor the Great," "Little Nell," "the old girl," and "the gab." Mrs. Roosevelt figures in Pegler's column three or four times a month, and it would be logical to expect that she has used him to fill up space in hers, too. She has. On June 24, 1947, she wrote, "No one likes the abuses in labor unions which have been ably pointed out by Westbrook Pegler and others, but such abuses are a tiny percentage of the labor movement." Some of her friends have urged her to take further notice of Pegler's special interest in her, like suing him for libel, but she is a woman marvellously unendowed with spite or rancor and she regards the old boy with benevolence. "I feel very sorry for Mr. Pegler," she said recently. "I've just about decided that he does what he does because he has to make a living. He gets very angry at Franklin and what Franklin stood for, and he takes it out on the children or on me. He can't be a happy man. You couldn't be happy inside and write like that. Whenever he says anything very dreadful about me, I don't mind, but I get a little mad sometimes when he goes after the chil-

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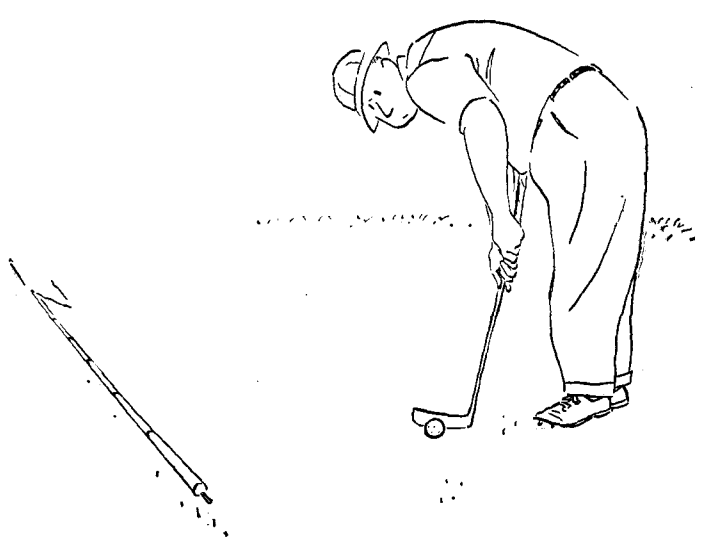
dren. Young people find it much harder than I do to let things like that slide. You know, I can't help remembering how nice Mr. Pegler was to his wife and to some nephews of his when I met him once years ago. Any man who is that kind to his wife and to children can't be wholly bad."

MRS. ROOSEVELT is a partner in a farming operation, at Hyde Park, run by her son Elliott, a child to whom Pegler has been conspicuously unkind. She has four other children, who call her Mummy, and seventeen grandchildren, all of whom, except for two too small to talk, call her Grandmère. The youngest is a girl born five months ago to the James Roosevelts and christened, in honor of her paternal grandmother, Anna Eleanor. Elliott, who was named after his maternal grandfather, is the only one of President Roosevelt's children now living at Hyde Park. He and his wife, Faye Emerson, occupy a field-stone cottage that his father designed and had built, in 1938, as a retreat. The President's widow lives nearby in a stucco house that she and two other ladies built in 1925 as a furniture factory. In 1947, Mrs. Roosevelt bought out her friends and converted the building into a home. Next door is a cottage that Elliott recently fixed up for her as a guesthouse. In accordance with a wish of her husband's, Mrs. Roosevelt has been granted lifetime tenancy of these buildings. The President owned thirteen hundred and sixty-five acres at Hyde Park, of which thirty-three—on which lie his grave, his mother's home, and the Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial Library—now belong to the government. To date, Elliott and his mother have bought eleven hundred acres, including the ground they live on, from the trustees of the President's estate, most of them for around a hundred dollars an acre. The rest of the President's land is to be sold by his trustees. Mother and son call their partnership Val-Kill Farms; they own a twenty-five- and seventy-five-percent interest, respectively. Along with the Hyde Park acreage, they also purchased the President's summer home on Campobello Island, off the

The proprietors of Val-Kill Farms, neither of whom has had extensive training in animal husbandry, expect by the end of this year to have the place populated with forty dairy cattle, a hundred beef cattle, thirty brood sows, twenty-five hundred laying hens, five hundred laying turkey hens, and an indeterminate number of offspring. The partners already possess quite a few of each species, and have engaged a couple of Texas ranchmen to help look after them. By the end of next year, they hope that their entire farm venture will be showing a profit. So far, however, their principal output has been Christmas trees. From 1929 onward, President Roosevelt planted fir and spruce seedlings annually, first a few thousand a year and later twenty-five or thirty thousand a year, and in 1935 he began to sell a couple of hundred grown trees each December to neighbors and to motorists passing by who had heard they were available. Elliott and his mother have converted this hobby into a substantial enterprise. They now have half a million trees, in various stages of development, and they propose to plant a hundred thousand seedlings annually henceforth and to sell the same number of Christmas trees every year, chiefly, they plan, to trade unions and other social-minded organizations, which would then retail them to their members at a low price. The Roosevelts' wholesale price last year was sixty-five cents, for felled trees picked up on the premises. In December, the Roosevelts disposed of twelve thousand—nine thousand of them at retail, on a vacant lot they rented in Poughkeepsie. To the considerable irritation of some old-school Christmas-tree venders in the vicinity, the Roosevelts charged a dollar a tree there, regardless of size, and customers turned up from as far off as Philadelphia, partly to take advantage of the bargain rate and partly, no doubt, to be able to say that they had a tree that had been planted by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Mrs. Roosevelt has been a fairly silent partner in Val-Kill Farms. She has never had a pronounced talent for farming, and even if she had, she could hardly find time to indulge it now. She already has so many commitments that, to pay some attention to every one of them, she cannot pay too much to any. Some syndicated columnists spend most of their time on their columns; she dashes hers off in half an hour. In "My Day," in which she sometimes refers to herself as "you," or "one," she once wrote, "Sometimes you can fit in all that you want to do if you just feel that time is never-ending!" In practice, she takes a more realistic view of time. When the United Nations came to New York and set up shop at Hunter College, in the Bronx, she made a point of ascertaining for herself whether she could get there faster from her Village apartment by subway or by automobile. After several fact-finding journeys, she decided that there was no difference. So carefully does she budget her time that once, when she was advised by an out-of-town group whose overnight guest she was to be that elaborate plans had been made in anticipation of her remaining an extra day, she reacted as if she had been slapped. "Two nights!" she exclaimed to a friend. "I was appalled! I was horrified!" Time is so precious to her that she has learned to make the most of the few spare moments she has. She can fall asleep almost at will, and she has perfected the knack of taking brief naps in public that are, except by people within a foot or two of her, practically undetectable. Occasionally, she humanely puts herself to sleep while somebody is making a speech at one of the organizational dinners to which she sacrifices many of her



Garrett Price

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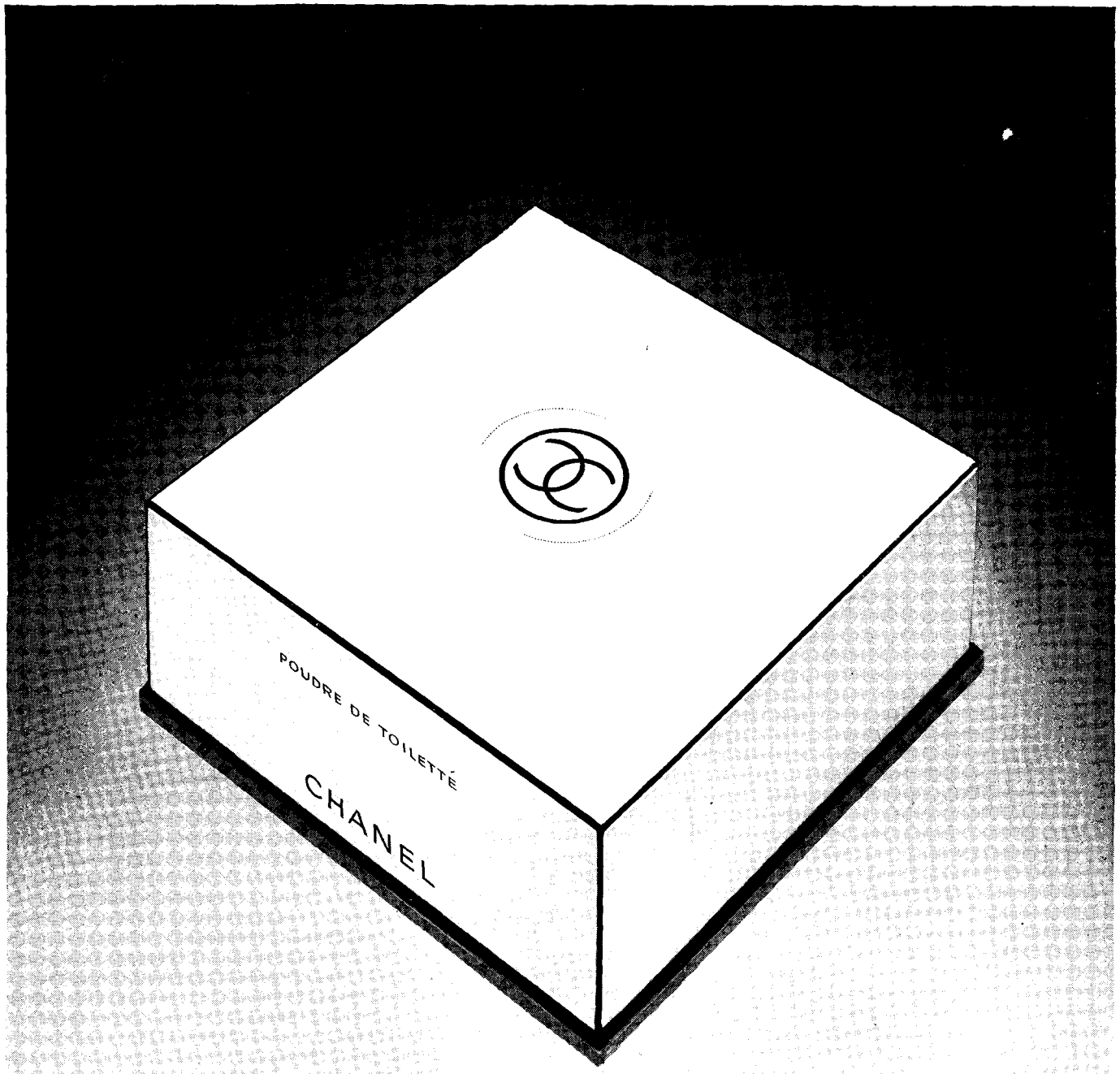

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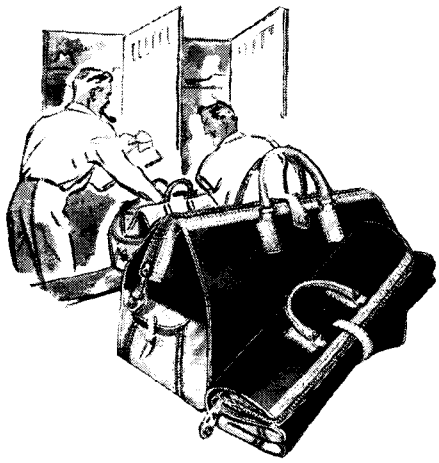

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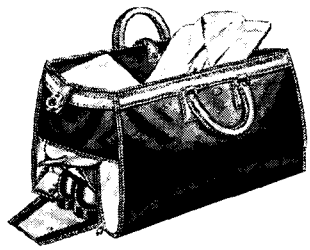

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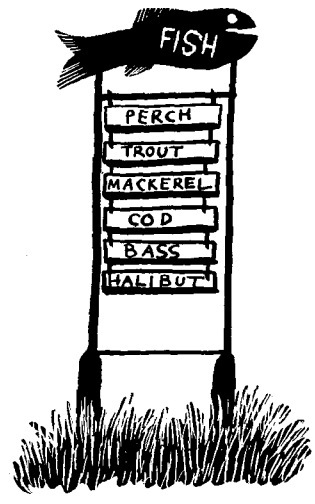
evenings. Whenever she finds herself in a shopping district with a free moment, she is apt to pop into a store and buy a Christmas present. She nearly always has her Christmas shopping done by the time the department stores begin reminding their customers that they have only thirty days left, and since she is aware that she won't have many shopping opportunities in any year, she starts in January.

Only an exceptionally well-disciplined person could carry out Mrs. Roosevelt's program. She has a high opinion of discipline, and she feels that she has benefited enormously by the severe discipline she has long imposed on herself. "When I was entertaining at the White House," she remarked recently, "I might know that some terrible international crisis was brewing in the next room, but I was able to control myself so well that I could pour tea without flinching." In "My Day," she often speaks testimonially of discipline. Not long ago, discussing the prospects of democracy, she said, "I think that we need to devote our energies to better health, stronger, finer people, better educated, better fed, and, above all, better disciplined. If democracy is to succeed, we need well-disciplined citizens." After her driver's license was suspended, a year and a half ago, because she had dozed off at the wheel and struck two other cars, she said, "At all times and as long as one lives, life administers disciplines, and it is in accepting and obeying them that one learns." Several months after the mishap, Mrs. Roosevelt was granted a new license, but although she handles a car expertly (the late Harry Hopkins, a nervous man, once said that she was the only woman driver he'd trust himself with after dark at sixty miles an hour), she now permits herself, as further penance, to drive only in the neighborhood of Hyde Park.



In the accident, Mrs. Roosevelt cracked two of her rather prominent upper front teeth. Her dentist filed them down and fitted them out with a pair of caps set at a more conventional angle. "Now I shall have two lovely porcelain ones," she wrote gaily in her column. Normally, she pays little heed to any phase of her personal appearance. In the White House, she had to have an elab- [illegible] every time she wore a gown, it was photographed and widely publicized and presumably the President's wife should not be seen repeatedly in costumes familiar not only to Washington but to every faithful reader of a fashion magazine. As soon as she escaped protocol, she gave away most of her clothes, a good many of them to Malvina Thompson and Lorena Hickok, an old friend who used to be a newspaperwoman and now works for the New York Democratic State Committee. Some months ago, Mrs. Roosevelt presented Miss Hickok with a handsome evening gown, and Miss Hickok had it altered to fit her. As she was going out of town, she accepted Mrs. Roosevelt's suggestion that it be delivered to the Roosevelt apartment and kept in a closet there. Not long thereafter, Mrs. Roosevelt invited Miss Hickok and Miss Thompson to accompany her to a formal dinner. Miss Hickok decided to wear her new gown and went to Mrs. Roosevelt's to put it on. She couldn't find it in the closet, and asked Mrs. Roosevelt if she knew where it was. Mrs. Roosevelt said she hadn't any idea. A moment later, Miss Thompson walked in wearing it. It developed that Mrs. Roosevelt—who, discipline or no discipline, can be as absent-minded as any other woman —had been looking for something to wear one night and, coming upon the gown and forgetting that she had given it away, had tried it on. Finding that it didn't fit her (owing, of course, to Miss Hickok's alterations), she had presented it to Miss Thompson, who had had it altered to fit *her*.

Mrs. Roosevelt went into mourning after her husband's death, didn't start wearing colors again until two years later, and still often wears black. She was long notoriously partial to blue. Of late, she has taken a fancy to heliotrope. Her public career still requires her to dress up a good deal, but the entertaining she does now is largely informal. At Hyde Park, she scarcely ever eats a meal without guests, but most of them are people connected with her many public interests, and she has practically no time for ordinary social life. "I suppose it's a funny thing," she said recently, "but even though there seems to be a constant flow of people around me, I don't really get a chance to see very much of

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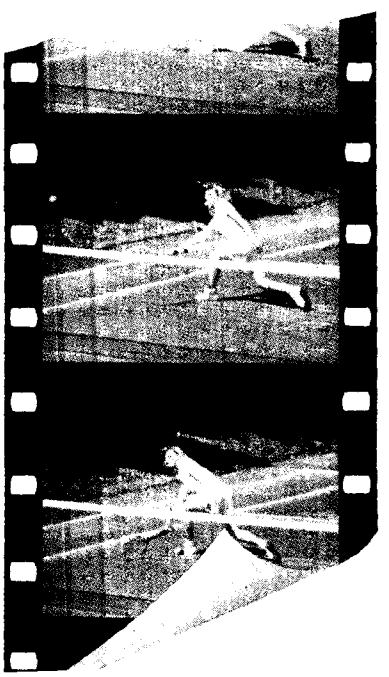

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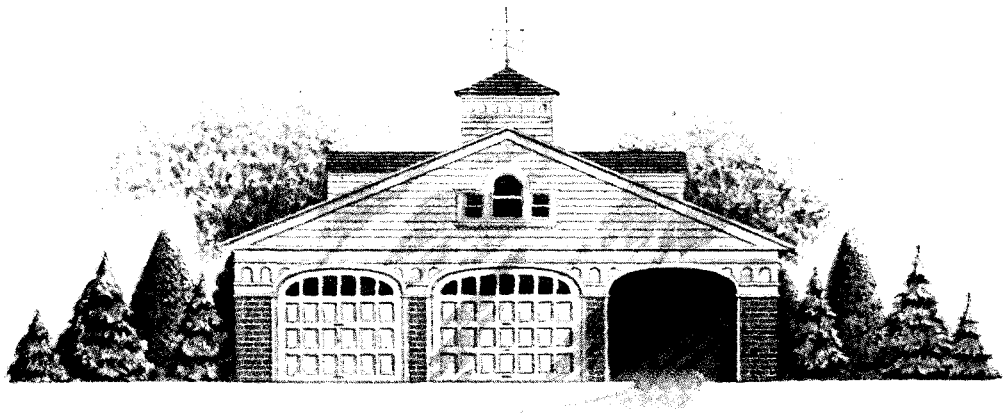

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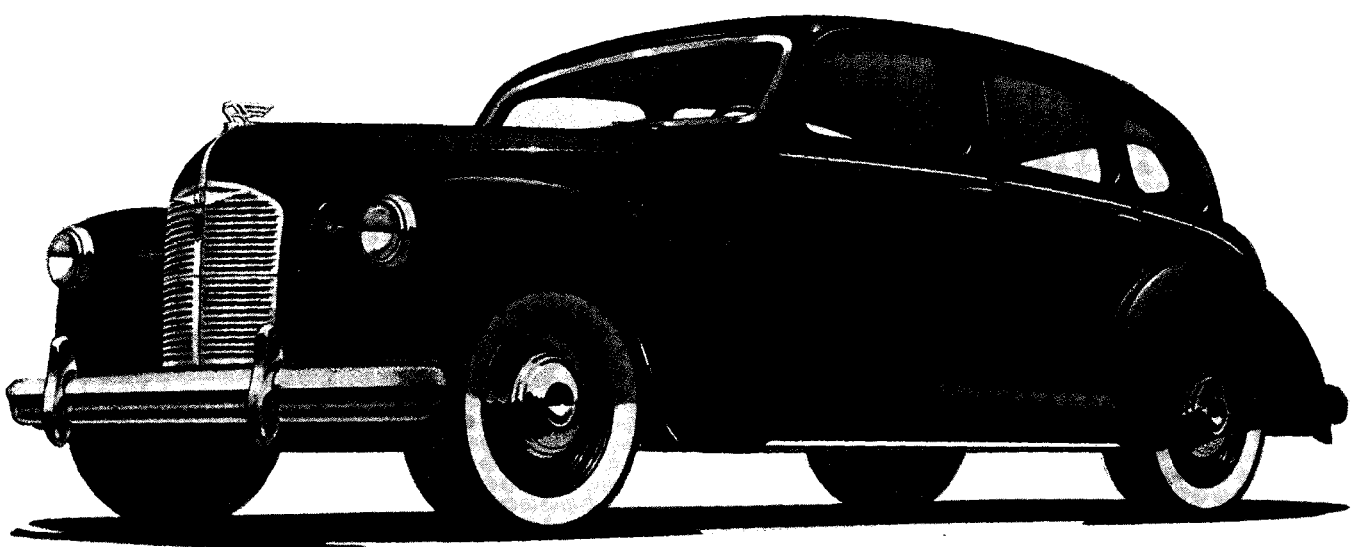

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any of my friends. I work too hard, I guess." Her most prodigious accomplishment as a hostess was a series of homey parties she gave for her colleagues at the United Nations. Diplomats are accustomed to spending much of their time at social affairs as traditionally fixed and stately as professional wrestling matches. Two years ago, while Mrs. Roosevelt was serving on the Social, Humanitarian, and Cultural Committee of the General Assembly, it occurred to her that she might be able to inflate the fraternal spirit in the group by giving small, cozy dinner parties at her apartment for the delegates, their wives, their principal advisers, and their advisers' wives. Fifty-one countries were then represented on the committee. In a month and a half, by presiding over three dinners a week, with nine guests apiece, Mrs. Roosevelt worked her way through the entire roster, from Afghanistan to Yugoslavia, a feat probably unprecedented in diplomatic annals.

Mrs. Roosevelt has not limited her hospitality to high-echelon United Nations foreigners. Last fall, when the Assembly adjourned, she wanted to show her gratitude for the help she had received from some of the office girls of the United States Delegation to the United Nations. She invited eight of them to a buffet supper at her apartment and asked each to bring along her husband or boy friend. Shortly before that, Mrs. Roosevelt entertained groups of her United Nations co-workers, both American and foreign, at a series of outdoor picnics at Hyde Park, of the casual, hot-dog variety that had won her wide notice when she thus honored the King and Queen of England in 1939. At a picnic she gave for members of the Human Rights Commission's drafting committee, she decided at the height of the festivities to offer a special treat to one of them, a Frenchman, who, she reasoned, ought to be especially appreciative of fine wines. (She is not much of a drinker herself, her favorite cocktail consisting of a teaspoonful of whiskey diluted almost to the vanishing point with water.) She dug into her wine cellar and came up with a musty bottle that, she told her guest, had considerable historical distinction, since it had once reposed in the cellar of her uncle, Theodore Roosevelt, and bore a label lettered by her husband. Beaming at the Frenchman, she poured out a glassful of this distinguished liquor. He sipped it, raised his eyes in wonder, beamed back at her, and drank it down. He later whispered to a friend that the wine had

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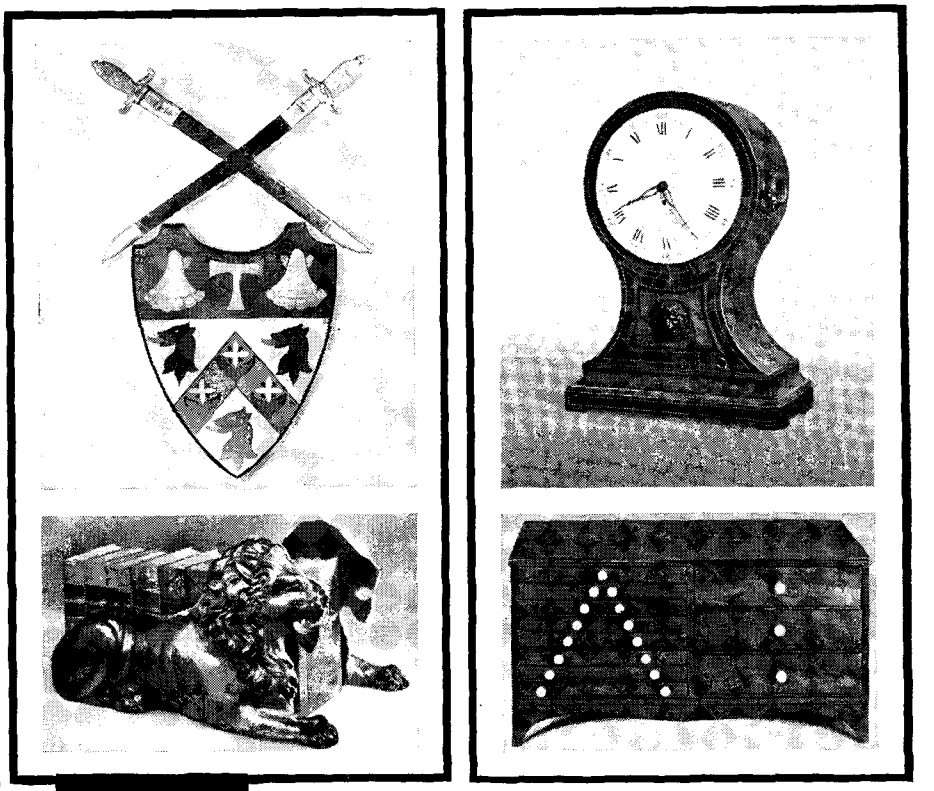

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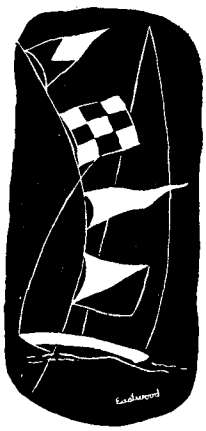
the further distinction of having turned to vinegar.

Mrs. Roosevelt's most ambitious picnics that season were two that she gave for her Social, Humanitarian, and Cultural associates, who by then represented fifty-seven nations. There were about a hundred guests at each gathering. A very junior American diplomat said afterward that everybody had seemed to have a wonderful time and that he had been much impressed by the camaraderie of the occasion. "Why," he said, "I happened to look across the lawn at one point and there was my mother-in-law chatting away merrily with Pakistan, just like old friends. That sort of thing somehow keeps you from getting completely discouraged about the state of international relations."



If the United Nations, and, in particular, its Human Rights Commission, should fail to achieve their lofty objectives, it will not be for want of Mrs. Roosevelt's efforts. She has no great fondness for making public speeches, but this last winter, because she believes that by telling people about the work of the United Nations and the difficulties it faces she may contrive to make it a more efficacious agency, she accepted an average of three or four speaking engagements a week. She hardly ever prepares a speech. Even when speaking over the radio, where carefully timed scripts are usually considered indispensable, she declines to write out her remarks; she is proud of her ability to complete a speech precisely at the end of the time allotted her. Her facility for ad-libbing is much admired by the State Department officials who have the task of getting American statesmen to make recordings of addresses for propaganda use abroad. Some of our United Nations delegates insist on going over several drafts of a speech before they will officially clear their throats. Mrs. Roosevelt once polished off three impromptu ten-minute talks, one of them in French, in a forty-minute recording session. In any language, she now and then breaks into a high, disconcerting giggle, but her oratory has won the acclaim of, among others, *Variety*, which, commenting on an improvised broadcast she made not long ago, said she "reached heights of eloquence" and that "her talk ranked with the finest pieces of speaking ever done by a woman on the air." "Few women can speak with Mrs. Roosevelt's [illegible] the minute concluded, "although there are many with b ter voices (Mrs. Roosevelt's on occasic becomes too shrill for radio) and wit smoother literary style (certain se tences seemed too long and involved, Of course, her talk packed more than great sincerity; it had that authority which comes from long first-hand experience with world problems. And it made sock radio."

SINCE President Roosevelt's death, his widow has played an influential, if largely behind-the-scenes, role in domestic politics. So widely has she become recognized by American liberals as the heir to many of her husband's intangible, as well as tangible, assets that she has often been mentioned as a candidate for high elective offices, including the Vice-Presidency and the Presidency. In 1946, she became the first woman ever to serve as keynote speaker at the New York Democratic State Convention. At that time, several highly placed Democrats tried to persuade her also to become their party's nominee for senator. She turned them down, and her attitude toward running for office has not changed. She prefers to act as an elder statesman, and she has frequently given advice, solicited and unsolicited, to leaders of the Party, among them President Truman. Once in a while, she sits down and writes him a long, motherly letter setting forth her views on this or that issue. Her life has been so closely tied up with the fortunes of the Democratic Party that she could hardly be expected not to feel a sense of deep kinship with it and loyalty to it. She was profoundly disturbed by the defection of Henry Wallace, whom she has known well for many years. She has not seen him since he announced his third-party candidacy. When she was apprised of this event, she said, "Oh dear, oh dear!" and subsequently, though her attitude toward Mr. Wallace's campaign has been a trifle less restrained, her comments on it have been, on the whole, remarkably gentle. When she speaks of him in conversation, she uses tones that the mother of a wayward boy might employ in conference with a truant officer. "Henry is too honest and too high-minded for his ow good," she told a friend recently. "I fortunately, the people backing hir very down-to-earth. I can't help ing that he could have had sor rience, as I have had, wor'

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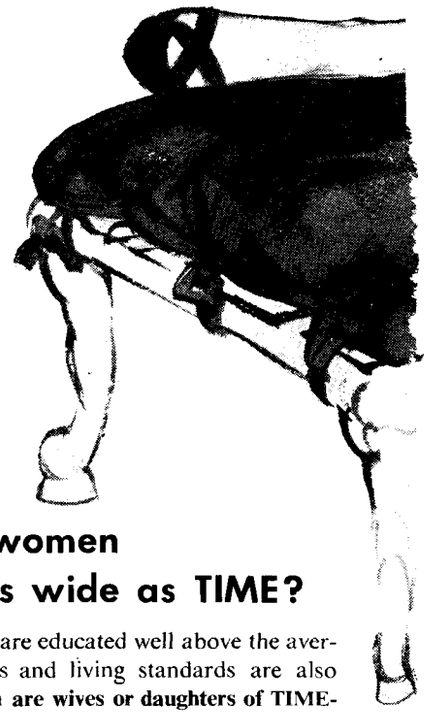

A psychologist found some reasons why *so many* women read *so much* of TIME

A leading psychological consultant questioned hundreds of TIME-reading women . . . asked them why *they* read TIME.

He found that women read TIME for many of the same reasons men read it. And he also found that they read TIME for a lot of typically feminine reasons. These reasons, for example:

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Communists. I've watched their tactics for a long time, and the job they're doing on him is being done to the queen's taste. But Henry can't believe that he's being used. He just doesn't have much political sense."

Mrs. Roosevelt has a great deal of political sense. Lately it has led her to believe that neither Wallace nor the administration is any great shakes. She has refused to say anything definite against the renomination of Truman, who has never been a close friend of hers and to whom she never refers by his first name, on the ground that as an appointee to the United Nations she is a direct subordinate of his and that a well-disciplined lieutenant should never publicly find fault with his commanding officer. She has, however, made pointedly known her distaste for several aspects of the administration's foreign policy, particularly its fidgety stand on Palestine, and she would probably not be displeased if her favorite party were to come out of the convention next month with a candidate she could support without reservations. Whatever the immediate future of the Party may be, the chances are that she will have a hand in shaping it, and perhaps that of the country and even of the world. Her own plans for the immediate future are few and simple; she would like to retire to Hyde Park and, in unaccustomed leisure, busy herself with turkey hens, Christmas trees, grandchildren, and the genteel pursuits favored by most ladies of sixty-three. There is no likelihood that she will soon be able to achieve this ambition. "I sometimes think of quickly finishing up all the things I have to do, and then just not doing anything more," she said a few weeks ago, "but there always seem to be so many things to do."

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

(This is the second of two articles on Mrs. Roosevelt.)

•

Crib, bicycle, vacuum, wall safe, wheel chair, bugle, mandolin, periscope; other items; moving. B459 Times.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Well, you've probably been there long enough.

•

THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*Omar Ranney in the Cleveland Press*]

And let one more woman threaten suicide in the movies because once in her childhood she was frightened by a mink! Inch by inch, yard by yard, I shall devour every reel of the celluloid, including all the screen credits and sound track.

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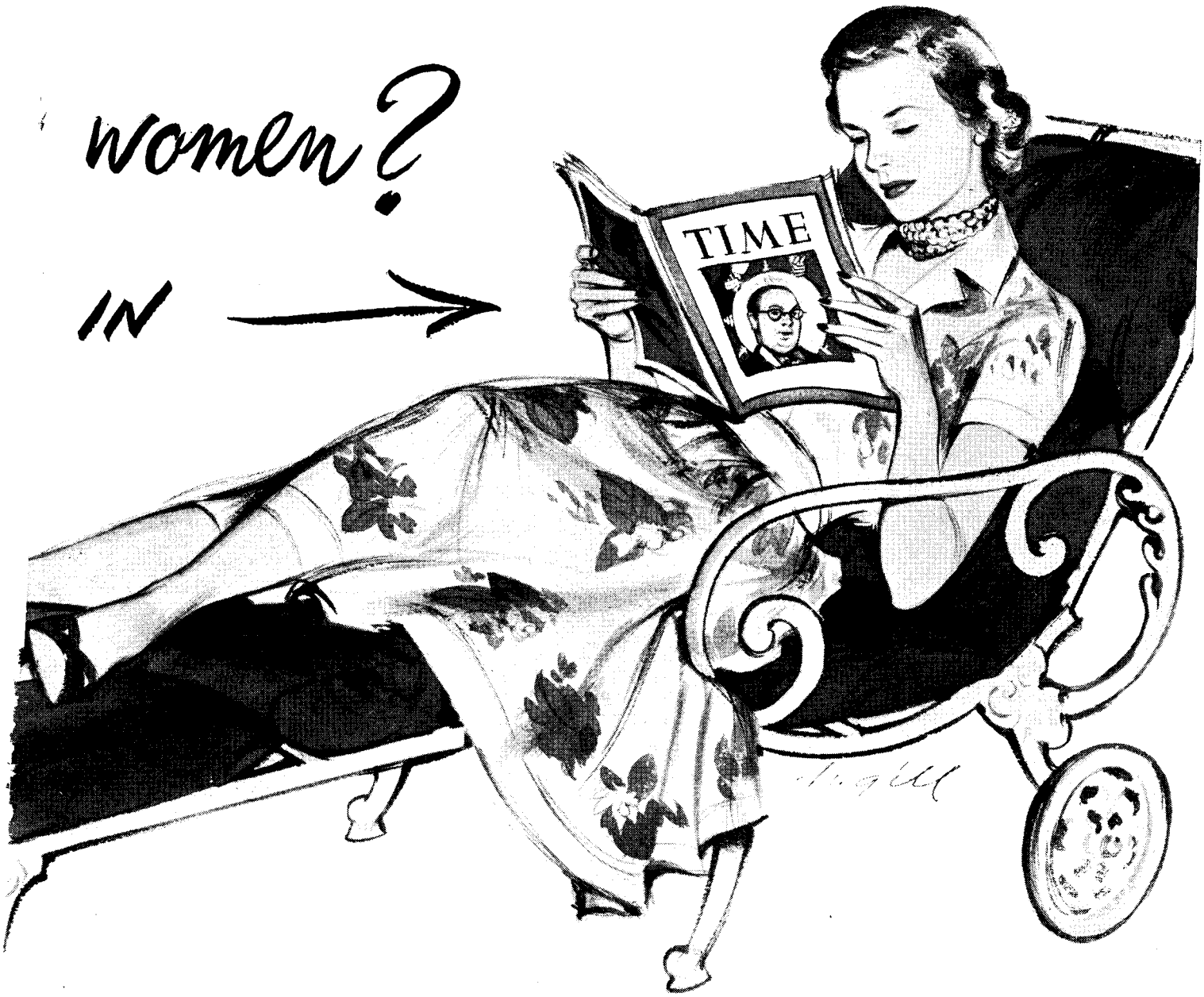

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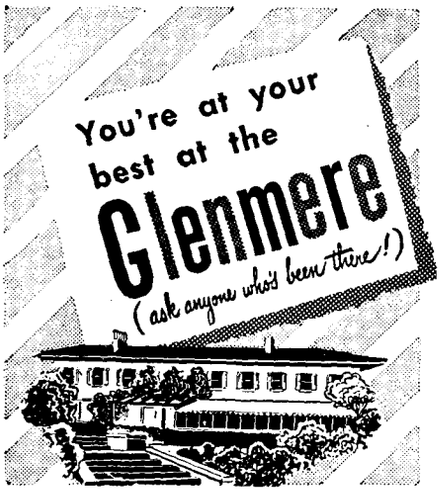

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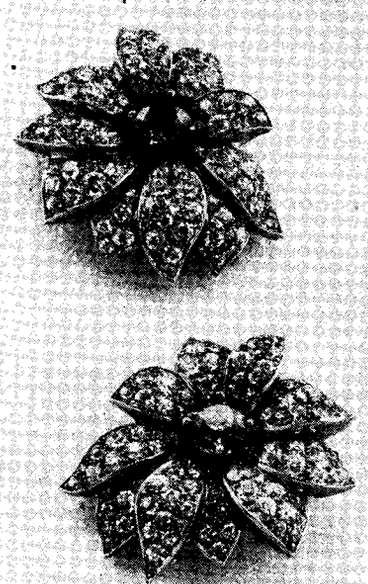

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THE RACE TRACK

No Surprise

ONE of the pleasures of watching a horse like Citation race is that you don't have to wonder whether the distance is too much for him, or whether he is going to like the track or get the fidgets over the color of the starter's tie. As a matter of fact, it would be silly to entertain any worries at all about Citation, because, as everyone knows by now, he's the best three-year-old out this season. There wasn't the slightest doubt about that in the Belmont Stakes, which he won by lengths last weekend. When Coaltown, his speedy stablemate, who was expected to make the early pace for him, was withdrawn shortly before post time, someone suggested that Citation was going to have to win the hard way. Well, actually, the way wasn't hard at all. He did stumble slightly coming out of the stall gate at the start, but he got the lead promptly and was never headed throughout the mile and a half. Faraway kept fairly close to him for about a mile and then dropped back, whereupon Escadru popped out of the pack. Almost immediately, however, Citation bounded off to a lead of four or five lengths, which he increased as he galloped along. It didn't matter very much, except to the King Ranch, his owners, that Better Self came up in the last furlong to take second money.

Citation's performance may have seemed a bit repetitious to those who had seen him win the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness in approximately the same fashion, but it was unquestionably a fast one. His time, 2:28⅕, equalled that of Count Fleet in the Belmont in 1943, and Count Fleet, the speed-chart boys insist, was the best colt since Man o' War. (If you must know, these old eyes saw Man o' War win the Belmont. It wasn't really a very interesting race. Man o' War led the only other starter, Donnacona, an animal of about the same class as Vulcan's Forge and Salmagundi, around the track by ten or twenty lengths.) Which brings up the question: How does Citation compare with the great old-timers? Comparing a horse of one generation with horses of other generations is apt to be a futile business, but I do believe that Citation would hold his own with the best of any year. At any rate, he has won eighteen of his twenty starts and has earned $544,700 in less than two years—nearly as much as Whirlaway, his famous stablemate, earned in four. He is obviously going to give Stymie a merry run for the money-winning honors. His next two starts most likely will be in Chicago—the Classic, at Arlington Park, next month, and then the American Derby, at Washington Park, in August. One more statistic: Calumet Farm, whose runners made $1,402,436 in 1947, has picked up $646,935 so far this season; a year ago at this time, it had $454,591 to its credit.

AT the moment, I wouldn't trade Mr. Busher, who won the National Stallion Stakes at Belmont last weekend, for any other two-year-old, in or out of training. In his first start, a fortnight ago, he ran the fastest five furlongs of the meeting, and in the National Stallion, his second effort, he polished off the best field of young runners I've seen this spring. For all I know, he's another Citation in the making. As you might guess, he is a full brother to Busher. He looks like her, too, except that he is as big now as she was at twice his age. Mrs. Elizabeth N. Graham bought him, when he was about six months old and the size of a large Airedale, for $50,000, the all-time high for a colt of that age. He earned $18,550 toward his purchase price last Saturday.

Steeplechasing at Belmont hasn't been anything to cheer over—not even the Meadow Brook Handicap, which usually is the best jumping race of the meeting. In last week's running, which was won by Adaptable, Elkridge, who is ten years old, and Fleettown, who is seven—both carrying a hundred and fifty-two pounds, the top weight—were ridden all out for nearly two miles. The result was that Fleettown fell at the next-to-last barrier and old Elkridge, who should have done better, just lasted to finish third. Maybe steeplechasing needs new riders as well as new horses.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Brides also have deteriorated and are in need of extensive repairs, according to the service director who said the city has neither the money nor equipment to restore them.—*Tiffin (Ohio) Advertiser-Tribune.*

Has it the spirit?

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OF ALL THINGS

THERE is a new bit of information for the Voice of America to transmit to the world. High authorities declare that the United States now has the worst Congress and the worst President in history.

•

Speaker Martin frankly admits that he would accept the Republican nomination for President if urged. Anyway, he will be available in case the Party wants a candidate who stands slightly to the right of right end.

•

The Republican-controlled Congress hasn't put through a civil-rights bill, but the G.O.P. platform will undoubtedly have a good strong plank on the subject. There's no use hiding a fine thing like that away in musty lawbooks.

•

The Republican Party finds itself deeply divided on such questions as foreign aid, housing, and public health. The disagreement is so sharp that some members can hardly enjoy the Democratic split.

•

Managers of the G.O.P. Convention are not afraid that the broadcast of the Louis-Walcott bout, on June 23rd, will draw away much of their radio audience. They expect to provide a far more brutal scrap.

•

We have further confirmation of the rumor that time marches on. The Dionne Quintuplets are fourteen, Shirley Temple is a mother, the Yankee Stadium is twenty-five, and Greater New York is a half century old and feeling every year of it.

•

The Air Force announces that a plane has been flown much faster than sound. Our fliers reportedly will next attempt to reach the speed of bad news.

•

General Eisenhower has learned that one of his duties at Columbia is to raise a hundred and seventy million dollars for the university. There is no longer any doubt that Ike has found permanent postwar employment.

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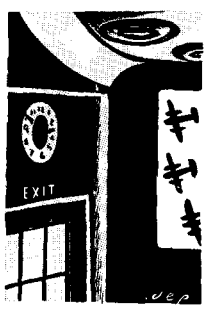
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Orson in Bell-Bottomed Trousers

IN "The Lady from Shanghai," Orson Welles, who wrote, produced, and directed the film, plays an honest Irish tar with a brogue that must have come with a mail-order course in Gaelic. It is Mr. Welles' misfortune to become bos'n on a yacht carrying an unscrupulous, hopelessly crippled lawyer, his daft partner, and his staggeringly beautiful wife—all of whom like to sit around making nasty cracks about each other—from New York to San Francisco. Although Mr. Welles denounces the trio as the human counterparts of some bloodthirsty sharks he once met up with in his travels, he views the lawyer's wife with a warmth no seagoing man-eater ever aroused in him. Since the lady in question is represented by Rita Hayworth, I'd be the last person in the world to object to Mr. Welles' putting aesthetics before moral judgments. Except for a few fleeting embraces—the most ardent of which take place, appropriately, in the San Francisco Aquarium—Mr. Welles' only rewards for loving Miss Hayworth are to be accused unjustly of a pair of murders and to wind up in lonely splendor as the only principal in the cast still alive.



The penny-dreadful aspects of "The Lady from Shanghai" are obvious, but the film is nevertheless often remarkable. There are some fine shots of the Mexican coast, an excellent courtroom scene in which lawyers and spectators are caught by the camera in uproarious moments, and a climax that takes place in the hall of mirrors of a Chinese fun house, where Mr. Welles has managed to produce a number of amusing optical effects. Mr. Welles has not cast himself any too well, but he has certainly done right by his picture in enlisting Everett Sloane and Glenn Anders to portray, respectively, the lawyer and his partner. They may be weak on law—Mr. Anders, for instance, is conceded by everybody on board to be one of the worst lawyers in the country—but they are strong on acting sneaky, villainous, and demented. The title of "The Lady from Shanghai," incidentally, derives from the fact that Miss Hayworth is supposed to have come from China. This enables her to speak a few words of Chinese to the residents of San Francisco's Chinatown, but otherwise her point of origin has nothing to do with the picture.

MARY O'HARA, who once wrote a novel about a young horse called Flicka, which later turned up in the films, is responsible for the presence in "Green Grass of Wyoming" of an old horse called Thunderhead. Thunderhead is a wild white stallion, and every time he whinnies mares all over the neighborhood kick down their stalls and head for the hills with him. Indifferent to the romantic notions of the mares, the ranchers in Thunderhead's territory decide to shoot him. He's too smart for them, though, and it's not until he goes overboard for a mare named Crown Jewel that he finally gives up being footloose and settles down to domesticity. The horses in the film, which is in Technicolor, are pleasant to watch, and the human beings who happen along are pleasant, too, if a bit superfluous. Among the latter are Peggy Cummins, Charles Coburn, Lloyd Nolan, and Burl Ives. Mr. Ives obliges now and then with some affable ballads.

THERE are two unhappy ladies in the English film "Bad Sister." One is the superintendent of an institution for delinquents, the other an inmate. To the accompaniment of endless flashbacks, the ladies tell each other about their gloomy romances in the past. Neither of them, as far as I could see, went through anything worth talking about. Margaret Lockwood and Joan Greenwood are the unfortunate actresses involved.... "Design for Death" is a mélange of disconnected scenes that are supposed to show how Japan got the way she was before Hiroshima. Some of the film is factual and some is fictional, but all of it is dull, and it misses by miles its goal of explaining seven centuries of Japanese history in less than fifty minutes.... "Portrait of Innocence" is a French film about children, but in this case the little ones act quite a bit like their contemporaries on the West Coast. The plot centers on the attempts of the children to raise eighteen hundred francs to pay for a stained-glass window a poor pal of theirs has shattered with a football. Rather thin all around, I'm afraid.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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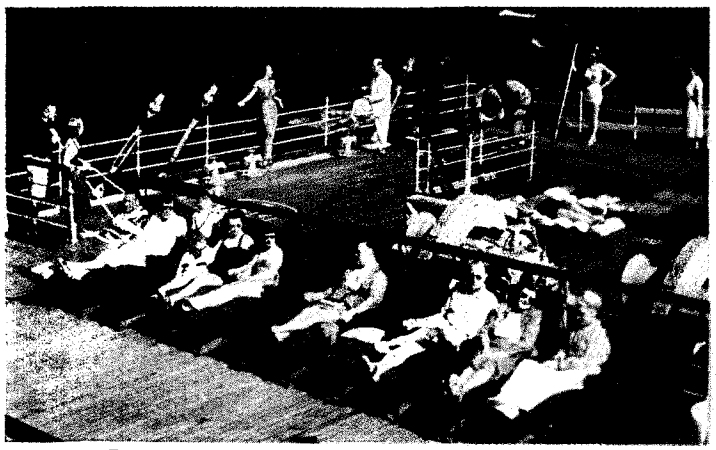

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THAT WAS PUGILISM

SHELBY, 1923

Jack Kearns, a boxing manager who became almost legendary in the prizefight business between the two World Wars because of his ability to make money in large, bold scoops without recourse to manual labor, visited New York a while back with his current heavyweight fighter. The fighter, Joey Maxim, will not add lustre to Kearns' name in history books. He is just a footnote sort of fighter—pedestrian, the critics say, and practically punchless. There was something like boredom in Kearns' voice as he sat on a desk in the offices of the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, in Madison Square Garden, shortly before Maxim's bout with the Swedish champion, Olle Tandberg, and delivered a routine hallelujah to his latest means of support. "This kid is better than Dempsey in most ways," said Kearns. His soft blue eyes stared vacantly at the floor. "He don't hit quite as hard as Dempsey, but otherwise he's better." Since Kearns managed Jack Dempsey when the latter was heavyweight champion of the world, it may be that he holds a lifetime dispensation from some celestial chamber of commerce to misuse Dempsey's name for advertising purposes. At any rate, no thunderbolt split the ceiling to strike him down for his blasphemous words. His audience, composed of managers, trainers, reporters, and press agents, shifted its feet and withheld comment. There was nothing to be said—nothing polite. Then one of the managers, an old-time boxing man, began to warm to the recollection of the team of Dempsey and Kearns. He turned the talk to happier times. "Remember Shelby, Doc?" he asked. (Kearns is known to his contemporaries as Doc.) "You and Dempsey broke three banks in Montana." Kearns' eyes came to life. "We broke four banks," he said. With rising enthusiasm, he went on to describe his withdrawal after the sack of Shelby, Montana, in 1923, with two bags of silver in a railroad caboose. His listeners drew closer. The career and prospects of Joey Maxim were, for the time being and without regrets, tabled.

To boxing people who have heard of the place, the memory of Shelby is precious for many reasons, one of them being that it brought a man of their own profession—namely, Kearns—into singlehanded combat with a state 146,997 square miles in area, producing copper, gold, silver, zinc, lead, manganese, oil, coal, grain, and livestock. No one who was involved in the Shelby affair, including Kearns and Dempsey, is any longer a perfectly reliable authority on the facts of the story, owing to the blurring influence of the autobiographical instinct on boxing memoirs. However, investigation shows that Kearns' performance compared favorably—for tenacity, at least—with those of the predatory railroad barons Jay Gould, Daniel Drew, Commodore Vanderbilt, and James J. Hill. As it happened, it was on Hill's Great Northern Railway, which opened up the north of Montana in the eighteen-eighties, that Kearns rode into the state, with a fiery purpose, and out of it again, with great haste, in 1923. The scope of Kearns' raid has been exaggerated somewhat by his admirers, himself among them, but there is no doubt that it had a profound effect on no fewer than two Montana counties, Toole and Cascade. Furthermore, the name, spirit, and wealth of the whole state were invoked by those Montanans who struggled with Kearns first-hand. They stated more than once at the time that "the honor of all Montana" was at stake. Montana today is perhaps in a sounder financial condition than Kearns, but that only goes to show the extent of its natural resources. It took an oil strike to draw Kearns to Shelby, in Toole County, in the first place, and it took another oil strike, years later, to complete Toole County's recovery from Kearns.

The raider, who was born John L. McKernan, is now sixty-five years old. He is still a dapper figure when dressed for pleasure, but his hair is thin and a paunch shows at the conjunction of his pants and sweater when he climbs into the ring on business, as he did at the meeting of his man Maxim with Tandberg, in which Maxim won a close decision and both heavyweights disqualified themselves as white hopes for the championship by their gentle work. The bout netted Kearns and his fighter approximately fifteen hundred dollars. The loser, by the terms of an arrangement based on his drawing power, got fifteen thousand dollars. The bout between Dempsey and Tom Gibbons at Shelby on July 4, 1923, brought Kearns and Dempsey nearly three hundred thousand dollars. The loser got nothing whatever. In those days, though, Kearns was forty years old and at the height of his genius.

A good many people in 1923, including writers of newspaper editorials, likened Shelby after the fight to a Belgian village ravaged by the Huns. They ignored or overlooked the fact that Shelby, like no Belgian village on record, had opened the relationship by begging to be taken. Kearns and Dempsey had never heard of Shelby before its citizens went to the trouble of raising a hundred thousand dol-

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lars to entice them there. In the popular view, Dempsey was the archfiend of the episode. His reputation as a draft dodger in the first World War, carefully cultivated by managers of rival fighters like Fightin' Bob Martin, the A.E.F. heavyweight champion, made a strong impression on the public; during the Shelby crisis, people were quite willing to consider him a profiteer as well as a slacker. They lost sight of Kearns in Dempsey's shadow. It was only the men directly concerned with financing the Dempsey-Gibbons match who realized that Kearns was the brains and backbone of the visiting party. In language that will not bear repeating, these men marvelled at Kearns' almost religious attachment to the principle of collecting all the cash in Montana that was not nailed down.

It was the booster spirit that got Shelby into trouble—the frontier booster spirit, which seems to have been a particularly red-blooded and chuckleheaded variety. Up to 1922, Shelby had been a village populated by four or five hundred cowhands, sheepherders, and dry-dirt farmers. In 1922, oil was struck in the Kevin-Sunburst field, just north of town. The population rose to over a thousand. It was not much of a jump; the significant difference was that all the new citizens had money. Some of them were oil speculators, some of them were real-estate men from the West Coast buying up land to sell to oil speculators. A few were merchants selling standard boom-town merchandise, much of it liquid, to the oilmen and the real-estate men. Kearns had not yet seen Shelby with his own eyes when he first tried to describe it to skeptics in the East a year later, but his description was not far wrong. "It's one of these wide-open towns," he said spaciously. "Red Dog Saloon, gambling hells—you know, like you see in the movies." It was old Blackfoot country. South of Shelby, the Marias River wound toward the site of a vanished fur-trading post on the Missouri. Not far north was the Canadian border. The Great Northern Railway ran west from Shelby to Glacier Park and the Pacific, east to Duluth and the Twin Cities, south a hundred miles to the nearest real town, Great Falls. In Shelby proper, there were the railroad depot, a few stores, a few houses, a couple of new banks, the Silver Grill Hotel, where fifty extra beds filled the lobby at the height of the boom, and half a dozen saloons.

In one of the saloons, on an evening in January, 1923, a bunch of the boys, all of them leading citizens, were whooping it up in a civic-minded way. The party was headed by Mayor James A. Johnson, a large man of fifty-eight who had made a comfortable fortune ranching and had added to it in the boom through oil leases and the ownership of the First State Bank of Shelby. Sitting around him were men named Zimmerman, Sampson, Dwyer, and Schwartz. It was Sam Sampson, a storekeeper and landowner, who first suggested that the best way to make the nation and the world Shelby-conscious—that being the object of everyone in town who owned property—would be to stage a fight there for the heavyweight championship of the world. Dempsey was champion. The two most talked-of contenders for his title at that time were Harry Wills, a Negro, and Tom Gibbons, a white man from St. Paul. The barroom committee skipped lightly over Wills. Gibbons was its choice on two counts: the color of his pelt and the fact that he was a Northwestern man, from a state with which Montana had close commercial connections. The committee toasted Gibbons, Shelby, and itself. Then Sampson began to send telegrams in all directions. He wired Dempsey and Gibbons and their managers, and received no replies, which was not surprising, in view of Shelby's overwhelming anonymity. He also sent a telegram to Mike Collins, a journalist and boxing matchmaker in Minneapolis. Collins, a friend of Gibbons, agreed to come to Shelby at the committee's expense and study the possibilities. His reaction on stepping off the train at the Shelby depot was recorded by himself at a later date. "I was startled," he said. Shelby was small and raw beyond the power of a city man's imagination. Mayor Johnson and Sampson led Collins across a few rods of the Great Plains to a saloon, where the Mayor gave Collins the impression that Mose Zimmerman, another committeeman who owned land, was ready to finance the championship fight out of his own pocket. To substantiate this, the Mayor rounded up Zimmerman, who denied indignantly that he was ready to contribute any-

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thing but a small, decent, proportionate piece of the total. The Mayor looked sad. Collins walked back to the depot to catch the 8 P.M. train for Minneapolis. As things turned out, he was the first of a series of people who started to wash their hands of Shelby by catching a train. They were all called back at the last minute. A Fate straight out of Sophocles had matters in her grip.

Before the eight-o'clock train arrived, Mayor Johnson arranged a mass meeting of citizens in a saloon. Collins was persuaded to address it. He said starkly that Shelby had no boxing arena, no population, and, as far as he could see, no money. "You would need a hundred thousand dollars before you even talk to Dempsey and Gibbons," he added. At this point, Shelby startled him for the second time. The Mayor and his friends raised twenty-six thousand dollars on the spot, the contributors receiving vouchers for ringside tickets to the fight in exchange. Collins noted that the vouchers were marked July 4th. The phantom battle already had a date and a ticket sale. This show of sang-froid won him over. A short time afterward, he set out, in the company of a gentleman named Loy J. Molumby, state commander of the American Legion, to stump Montana for the balance of the money. Travelling from town to town in Molumby's private airplane, they brought the total of cash on hand to a hundred and ten thousand dollars in a little more than a week's time. The moment had come, Collins freely admitted, to let Dempsey and Gibbons in on the secret. It was now, he said, just a matter of convincing them that there was such a place as Shelby and showing them the money.

The two things were achieved in reverse order. It was after seeing the money that Dempsey and Gibbons—or, rather, their managers, Kearns and Eddie Kane—brought themselves to believe in Shelby. The rest of the country, having seen no money, did not believe in Shelby for some time to come. At the beginning of May, the boxing critic of the New York *Tribune*, Jack Lawrence, spoke of a meeting that would take place soon at Madison Square Garden between the Dempsey and Gibbons parties. "There," he wrote scornfully, "they will probably hear a counter-proposition from the lips of Tex Rickard that will waft Shelby, Montana, back to the pastoral obscurity from which it emerged so suddenly."

Lawrence was wrong. Kearns and Kane bypassed New York and Rickard and went to Chicago to inspect the cash

(*Advertisement*)

by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

FAN MAIL IS A CURIOUS THING. Without it, of course, I'd probably collapse. For me it provides a great source of material and it also provides a constant source of entertainment and surprises. Through it, we are constantly getting trimmed down to our own sizes, too, and that's a healthful condition. Fan mail serves another purpose. It provides an escape valve for readers. Every time somebody sits down to let go via the fan mail route, that person has blown off excess steam that makes him feel better. Writing a fan letter is oftentimes like sitting down for a little visit.

★

IT WAS A reprint in The New Yorker of one of my columns that brought this particular piece of fan mail. The envelope was from Hotel Statler in Boston, Mass. The sender was Anna Mae Stiles. I can just see Anna Mae visiting at the Statler. She stopped at the newsstand, bought a copy of The New Yorker, went up to her room, got a little lonesome, didn't know what to do for the nonce so she filled in her leisure time by writing me, of all people, a little letter which, as you'll see, has all the elements of a visit. Here it is: (and won't she be surprised when I send her this clipping) . . .

★

"JUST THOUGHT YOU might like to know you have another gal friend. This time all the way from Longmeadow, Mass. I planned to just read your spot in The New Yorker, but in this week's issue you mused, 'Wonder if anyone writes fan letters.' That, my midwest columnist, was a challenge . . . I'm one of the late Will Rogers' admirers. I suppose that dates me. I'd like to subscribe to your paper, but my family wouldn't hear of it. Speaking of my family, you've never heard of such a setup. The house is mine and I pay all the bills. My mother, 81, lives with me and to her I'm still a little girl of 5. My sister and her two children, girl, 20, and boy, 10, also another little boy, 4, plus a mongrel dog who looks like one of Admiral Byrd's huskies, and a cat named Timothy comprise the group. All this in a brick house that somehow survived the 98 inches of snow we had this winter. And the bricks came from an old local brewery . . .

★

"I CAME DOWN to Boston for two days to attend a wedding. This hotel is full of oil men and they are full of something besides oil. I'm sore at all of them because they charged me $1.35 a gallon for oil this winter. There's no justice! Are you even remotely related to the Boston Adamses? If so, your stock would be 100 down here. Well, I must go now. Am going down to the Cafe Rouge and get my chowder and scrod. Sincerely, Anna Mae Stiles." . . . See what I mean about the visit? Anna Mae was lonesome, she wanted to talk to somebody, tell them about her mother and her dog and Timothy. She found no comfort in the oil conventioners, so she picked on me. And that's how a lot of fan mail starts. And what does fan mail do? Fan mail makes columns, see?

★

MINNESOTA AND THE REST of the Upper Midwest (North Dakota, South Dakota and Western Wisconsin) are getting plenty of their own kind of fan mail these days—vacation queries and reservations from all over the nation. This summer more than a million tourists will relax, fish and sight-see in beautiful Minnesota alone . . . they'll spend more than 200 millions dollars while they're visiting us . . . and they'll find that the best-read, best-liked newspapers in this busy vacationland are **The Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 435,000) and **The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 565,000).

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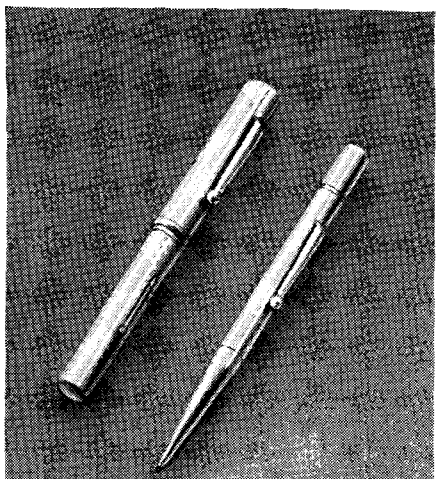

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and negotiate the Shelby deal with Molumby and Collins, who were now the accredited agents of Mayor Johnson's town. It is apparent that both managers were remarkable for the grandeur of their vision. Kane showed it by agreeing to let Dempsey and Kearns have everything the bout drew, up to three hundred thousand dollars, at the box office in Shelby, if there was a Shelby, before taking a percentage for Gibbons. The Gibbons share was to be fifty per cent of the receipts from three hundred thousand to six hundred thousand dollars, and twenty-five per cent of everything above that. Three hundred thousand dollars was exactly what Kearns and Dempsey had made from a spectacular million-dollar-gate fight with Georges Carpentier, which Tex Rickard had promoted two years before on the threshold of New York City. Kearns was now counting on gouging the same sum from an infinitesimal cowtown that had no boxing ring, no grandstand, no professional promoter, and no large city within five hundred miles. At least, he said he was counting on that. Almost no one in New York believed there would be a fight. Kearns' friends suspected, with characteristic misanthropy, that Doc was up to some sort of practice ruse to keep his hand in and his brain lean and sharp for coming campaigns. Rickard, the most famous promoter of the day, who did not think much of either Gibbons or Wills as an opponent for Dempsey, having sped Kearns West with a tolerant wink, went on with plans for his own notion of a Dempsey match, with the Argentine Luis Firpo, for autumn delivery.

Kearns, however, was in earnest. It pleased his fancy to undertake this Western adventure on his own. He wanted for once to be free from Eastern entanglements, free from his professional peers. Gibbons and Kane, the parties of the second part, would be amateurs at Shelby in everything but name. At Shelby, every power, privilege, and bargaining weapon would belong to Kearns. If he could carry three hundred thousand dollars out of a town of one thousand population, he would become immortal in his profession. If he couldn't, he had dictated terms that said firmly that all money paid to him and Dempsey in advance was theirs to keep. If they got three hundred thousand dollars, there would be a fight; if they didn't, there would be no fight, and no rebate. Molumby agreed, on behalf of Mayor Johnson, to deliver a second installment of a hundred thousand to Kearns on June 15th, and a third, and last, on July 2nd, two days before the fight. This was Molumby's last major gesture in connection with the Dempsey-Gibbons match. Like half a dozen other Montanans who tried to learn the boxing business in the next few weeks, he flunked the course.

A slight difficulty occurred in the secondary negotiations between Kearns and Kane. The difficulty was that they had not spoken to each other for four years and had no wish to start speaking now. Kearns says today that he does not remember the reason for the breach, which may or may not be true; boxing men are usually shy about revealing the causes of their Grade A feuds—the ones that last anywhere from a year to life. Quartered two floors apart in the Morrison Hotel in Chicago, Kane and Kearns conferred by messenger. The messenger was Collins. One question was who was to referee the fight. It was purely nominal, for Kearns had already decided on his good friend Jim Dougherty, sometimes known as the Baron of Leiperville, Pennsylvania. After four trips by Collins up and down the hotel's emergency stairway, Kane accepted Dougherty. He had no choice. Kearns, as the champion's manager, was in command. Kane, managing the challenger—and a poorly recommended challenger, at that, in the opinion of most critics—could consider himself lucky to have gained a chance at the title for Gibbons. That chance was something, though Gibbons was older and smaller than Dempsey. Beyond it, there was a possibility of making some money if the fight was highly successful, which was the dream that Mayor Johnson had sold to Collins and Collins to Kane. Kane and Gibbons were gambling, like the men of Shelby and the men of the rest of Montana who backed them. That explains, in part, the deep affection Montana came to feel for Gibbons as the time of the fight drew near.

A FEW days after the terms were signed, Collins, as "matchmaker," or supervisor of arrangements, announced the ticket price scale: from fifty dollars, ringside, to twenty dollars, for the rear seats. There were no seats at the moment, but Mayor Johnson had persuaded Major J. E. Lane, a local lumber merchant, to build an arena at the edge of town to accommodate

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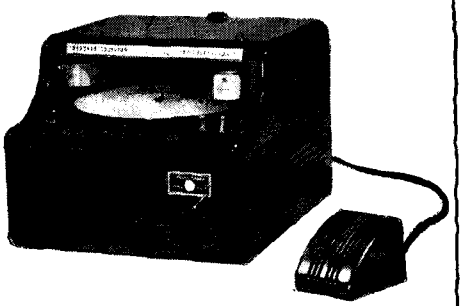

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forty thousand people. There was no money for Major Lane, but the Mayor got him to take a seventy-thousand-dollar chattel mortgage on the arena. Training camps were staked out for both fighters. On May 16th, Kearns entrained for Montana with a staff of sparring partners for Dempsey, who made his own way there from his home in Salt Lake City. Kearns was glad to leave the decadent cities of the East, where the newspapers, when they mentioned Shelby at all, still questioned the reality of the fight and half questioned the reality of Shelby. He found Shelby in a holiday mood. The Mayor and his friends had recovered from the strain of getting up the first hundred thousand dollars and had not yet begun to worry about finding the remaining two hundred thousand. The ticket sale would take care of that. Kearns beamed upon these unsophisticated burghers with boots on their feet and guns in their belts. He addressed them at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon at the Silver Grill. With all the sincerity he could muster on short notice, he told them that Gibbons was a great fighter, "the best boxer in the world." "I would not be surprised," Kearns told the meeting lovingly, "if the winner of this contest fought Harry Wills right here in Shelby on Labor Day. You will be the fight capital of the nation. We have come here," he added, "at something of a sacrifice, since we were offered half a million dollars for the same fight in New York. However, Shelby spoke first, and Shelby wins out." Then Kearns took a rapid look at Shelby, whose facilities could all be seen at a glance with the naked eye, and caught the six-o'clock train to Great Falls. All Montana, and Shelby in particular, was well pleased with itself at this point. It is hard to say at just what hour between then and June 15th, the first day of open crisis, misgivings began to set in. They must have come soonest to Johnson and Molumby, who were in charge of the ticket sale and the cashbox. Kearns ostensibly had no notion of how things were going. When he was told, Montana was stunned by the change in the manner of the free-and-easy stranger.

Kearns had made his base in Great Falls, partly because it was a town of thirty thousand, which offered some freedom of movement, and partly because Dempsey was training there, at Great Falls Park, a mile or so outside the city limits. Before June 15th, Dempsey trained well and seemed happy. The park, in a hollow in the hills

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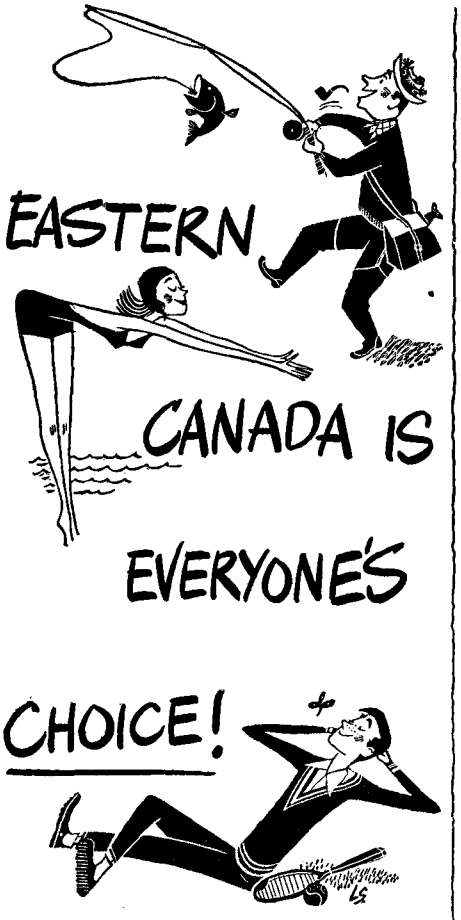

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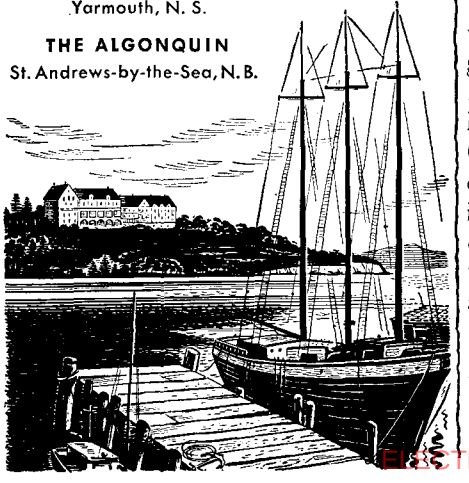

of Cascade County, just east of the Missouri River and in sight of the Little and Big Belt Mountains and the Birdtail Divide, was a pleasant place surrounded by cottonwood trees and had formerly been a scene of revelry. Dempsey lived and sparred in a roadhouse that prohibition and repeated government raids had closed down. Sometimes the champion fished in the Missouri. He had a pet cow, a Hereford bull, a wolf cub, and a bulldog in camp, as well as two of his brothers, Johnny and Bernie; his trainer, Jerry (the Greek) Luvadis; and his stooge, Joe Benjamin, with whom he played pinochle. His sparring partners ranged from giants like Big Ben Wray, seven feet two inches tall, to small, clever middleweights who could simulate Gibbons' style. Gibbons trained in Shelby. He lived with his wife and children in a house on the great, treeless plain, not far from the arena. If anything more was needed to make Gibbons a favorite and Dempsey unpopular in Shelby after June 15th, Gibbons' choice of training quarters did it. The town saw him and his family every day. Gibbons at that time was thirty-four, six years older than Dempsey. He had had a long and fairly successful career among middleweights and light heavyweights, though the gifted little Harry Greb had beaten him just the year before. He was a polite and colorless man, with a slim waist, a big chest, and a high shock of pompadoured hair.

On June 15th, the day appointed for the payment of the second hundred thousand dollars to Kearns and Dempsey, Kearns went to the Great Falls station to take a train to Shelby. He says now that he was going, in all innocence, to ask Mayor Johnson for the money, that he did not know that the Mayor and Molumby were at that moment wretchedly chewing cigars in a room in the Park Hotel in Great Falls, having just confessed to George H. Stanton, the leading banker of Great Falls, that the day of reckoning found them approximately ninety-eight per cent short. They asked him what to do. Stanton, like all Montanans, had followed the Shelby adventure closely. As the principal capitalist of that part of the state, he had followed it more closely than most, and he probably had a fair notion of the truth before he heard it from the unhappy promoters. However, he told them it was a hell of a note, and he sent someone to get Kearns off the train. Kearns came to the hotel room, looking hopeful. It was his first business contact with Stanton; it would have been better for Stanton if it had been his last. The promoters explained the situation, or what they could understand of it. They admitted frankly that it confused them. It seemed that a great many tickets that had been mailed out, unbonded, to various parts of the state and country were not yet paid for. It seemed that expenses were unexpectedly large. It appeared that there was sixteen hundred dollars in cash on hand for Kearns and Dempsey. Whatever suspicions Kearns may have had before this, the cold facts undoubtedly shocked him. He flew into a rage.

"Why don't *you* take over the promotion and the sale?" suggested Stanton. "From all I can see, you own the fight right now."

"I won't promote!" screamed Kearns. "These guys are the promoters. I'm trying to train a fighter. Let them get our money up or there won't be any fight."

Kearns left the room in a black mood. He went back to the hotel that evening, at Stanton's invitation, and found that most of the money in Great Falls was represented there: Stanton, president of the Stanton Trust & Savings Bank; Dan Tracey, hotel owner; Russell and Arthur Strain, department-store owners; J. W. Speer, lawyer and former judge; and Shirley Ford, vice-president of the Great Falls National Bank. From there on, Kearns was told, the honor of Montana was at stake. The fight would have new promoters. The money would be raised. It *was* raised, within twenty-four hours. At 5:15 P.M. the next day, June 16th, the press was summoned to see Stanton present Kearns with a check for a hundred thousand dollars, seventeen hours and a quarter after the deadline of midnight, June 15th. Kearns put the check in his pocket and congratulated Montana. "A dead-game state," he said. Stanton accepted his kind words modestly, though it must be said that the newspapermen present got the impression that he himself had put up seventy-three thousand dollars of the money, which was not strictly true. He had supplied cash in that amount, but it was underwritten almost entirely by Mayor Jim John-

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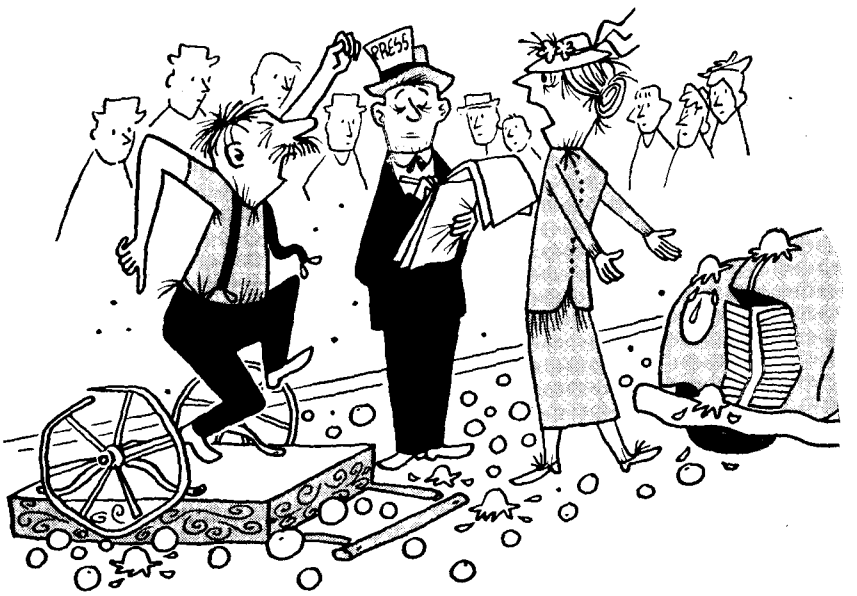
son, of Shelby, with land and oil leases from his own estate. The Strain brothers and the O'Neill brothers, Lou and John, who were oilmen, made up the balance. While Molumby and Mayor Johnson sat humbly by—the latter quite silent about his contribution to the salvation of Montana's honor—Dan Tracey delivered a tough speech. The Great Falls committee had appointed Tracey head man of the fight. The old promoters, he said, were through as head men. He would protect the interest of his Great Falls friends. He would see that they got every nickel back. He would countersign all checks from now on. He paused, and Kearns advanced to shake him by the hand. "This reassures me," said Kearns. "I will stick to Shelby and ignore the countless offers I have got from other states for this fight. I am sure," he added thoughtfully, "that we won't have any trouble with the last hundred thousand dollars—due midnight, July 2nd." Mayor Johnson mopped his brow with a handkerchief. "This is a great relief," he told the press. "I wasn't cut out to be a boxing promoter." Molumby had nothing to say. Earlier that day, he had been denounced by an American Legion post in St. Louis for involving the Legion in Dempsey's affairs.

THE reign of Tracey as head man lasted eleven days. It was a time of stress and brooding. The backers of the fight knew that since raising the second hundred thousand dollars had been like pulling teeth, the collection of the third hundred thousand would be on the order of a major amputation. The advance sale of tickets brought in no money to speak of. People could not be expected to buy tickets unless they were sure the fight would take place, and the promoters could not persuade the strong-minded Kearns to guarantee a fight before he was sure of the money. The Great Northern cancelled a plan to run special trains from the East and the Pacific Coast. The promoters and their friends snarled at Kearns whenever they saw him, and nervously fondled the butts of their guns. Frank Walker, of Butte, Montana, a lawyer and later Postmaster General under Franklin Roosevelt, came to Great Falls to add weight to the heckling of Kearns. Kearns, however, rode his choppy course serenely and nonchalantly, true to his lofty principle of three hundred thousand dollars or no contest. The strain was much harder on Dempsey than on Dempsey's manager. If Kearns was Public Enemy No. 1 to the finan-



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ciers of Montana, Dempsey was the people's choice for the part. He was sharply aware of it and of the artillery on the hip of nearly everyone he saw. He said later that he pleaded with Kearns, to no avail, at this time to waive the final payment, to promise a fight, and to take over the box-office management. The champion's state of mind showed in his work. He looked slow and easy to hit in training, and his sparring partners complained of his viciousness when he hit them. On his twenty-eighth birthday, June 24th, seemingly angry at his failure to catch Jack Burke, a middleweight, he knocked down another sparring partner seven times in five rounds and broke the jaw of the giant Wray, who subsequently took his meals through a tube.

The crises came fast now. On June 26th, Stanton, conferring in Shelby with Tracey and Mayor Johnson, who had been reduced to assistant promoter, was told that the lumber merchant and the contractors were about to foreclose their mortgage on the arena. Stanton stalked angrily to the railroad station, but he was called back into conference, inevitably, at the last minute. Half an hour later, he announced that the creditors had agreed to accept payment on a pro-rata basis from the gate receipts. He said that all was well. Tracey, the tough talker of June 16th, could not bring himself to share this view. The mortgage crisis had broken his spirit. On June 27th, he resigned his job. "The money my people put up is nowhere in sight that I can see," he said. "I can't be sure they'll get it back, and I'm through." Shelby was excited the next day by a telegram received by Mayor Johnson from Minneapolis signed "Louis W. Till," which it assumed to be from Louis Hill, board chairman of the Great Northern, assuring the Mayor that he was "on way with cash and securities so Tom can have chance to put profiteering Dempsey in hospital." The wire turned out to be a hoax. On June 29th, Stanton made a final, desperate move. After consulting with Great Falls leaders on a list of names and sending telegrams to all parts of the state, he proclaimed that "twenty lifelong friends" had pledged five thousand dollars each to meet the final payment to Kearns and "save the honor of Montana." The announcement was given out now, Stanton said, to dispel doubts that the fight would be held, but the payment to Kearns would not be made until the agreed date of July 2nd, because, he went on sulkily, some of the new sponsors "are disposed to follow the lead taken by the champion's manager and adhere rigidly to the conditions of the contract." It was their opinion, he said, that Kearns "would get out of the fight if he could." Enlarging on the patriotism of his twenty lifelong friends, Stanton said that cancellation of the bout "would have cast reflections on the state that would have been far-reaching in effect." The Northwest, he added, would now save the fight; the Dakotas, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, and western Canada would send at least fifteen thousand people. The members of the committee would take a loss but "are game enough to see this thing through."

Kearns, ignoring the slurs in this manifesto upon his good faith, expressed satisfaction. Dempsey forced a smile and acknowledged the gameness of all Montanans. But on July 2nd, facing the press, with Kearns present, in Great Falls, Stanton revealed that he had been unable to cash the pledges of his lifelong friends. Eight of them had come through as advertised, he said, but in the circumstances he did not feel like keeping their money. He looked defiantly at Kearns. Kearns shrugged and retired to discuss things with a lieutenant of his from New York, Dan McKetrick. Then he told Stanton that he would make the "gamble" that had been forced on him. He would take over the fight, and the gate receipts with it. From that moment, the concern about paying Kearns was outweighed by a vivid fear that Kearns and Dempsey would slip across the border before July 4th with the money they had already collected, leaving Shelby to whistle for its world-championship fight. There is no evidence that either man contemplated doing this, but practically everyone in Montana was convinced that both of them did contemplate it. Kearns says he remembers Frank Walker, in a state of deep emotion, shaking his fist beneath his nose on July 3rd and warning him not to attempt to escape.

SHELBY had built up to the fight, within its limits. There were concession booths and stands all the way from

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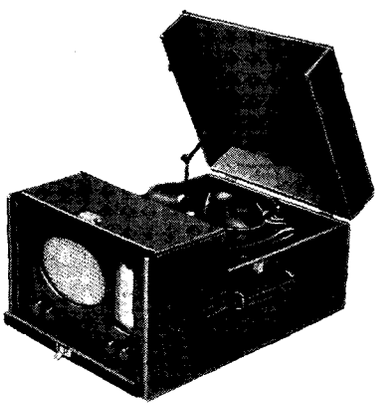

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Main Street to the arena. Entertainers had come from every corner of the state. A tent show called the Hyland-Welty Comedians was playing the town; it starred a certain Patricia Salmon, the toast of the out-of-town reporters, who for fifty dollars a week did three song spots a day, yodelled in front of the curtain, and played the lead in "Which One Shall I Marry?," "Thorns and Orange Blossoms," "The Tie That Binds," and "The Sweetest Girl in Dixie." An acquaintance of mine from Billings, Montana, drove to Shelby for the fight with his father, an early patriotic ticket-buyer. The sign he remembers best on Main Street was "Aunt Kate's Cathouse." All tourists slept in their automobiles the night of July 3rd. The great Northwestern migration to Shelby had not materialized, but there were enough cars parked on the plain by the arena to show that there was an interest in the fight. Part of this interest was speculative; many people had not bought tickets, but they counted on getting in anyway.

Dempsey came from Great Falls in a private railroad car on July 4th, arriving in the early afternoon. A switch engine pulled his car to a siding near the arena, where a crowd of men instantly surrounded it. "There were no cheers," recalls Dempsey. His party, which included a Chicago detective named Mike Trant and a celebrated hanger-on of the time, "Senator" Wild Bill Lyons, both strongly and ostentatiously armed, took counsel. Some of the crowd was trying to climb aboard. Lyons told the engineer to keep the engine hooked on and to run the car up and down the siding till it was time for Dempsey to get off. When that time came, the crowd pressed close around the champion, but there were, according to Dempsey, no gunshots or blows. "Trying to run out, were you?" called some of the men. An emissary from the ringside reported that it was too early for Dempsey's entrance, since the program had been delayed. The crowd, however, got solidly behind Dempsey in a physical sense and pushed him firmly to the arena doors, where he waited with half a dozen retainers by a soft-drink stand, listening to comments on his character and lineage.

The reason for the delay was the public's reluctance to pay the official prices for tickets. Kearns had opened the gates in the morning, after surrendering five hundred dollars from the advance sale for the privilege to a crew of federal revenue men who were on hand looking closely and cheerfully for [illegible]

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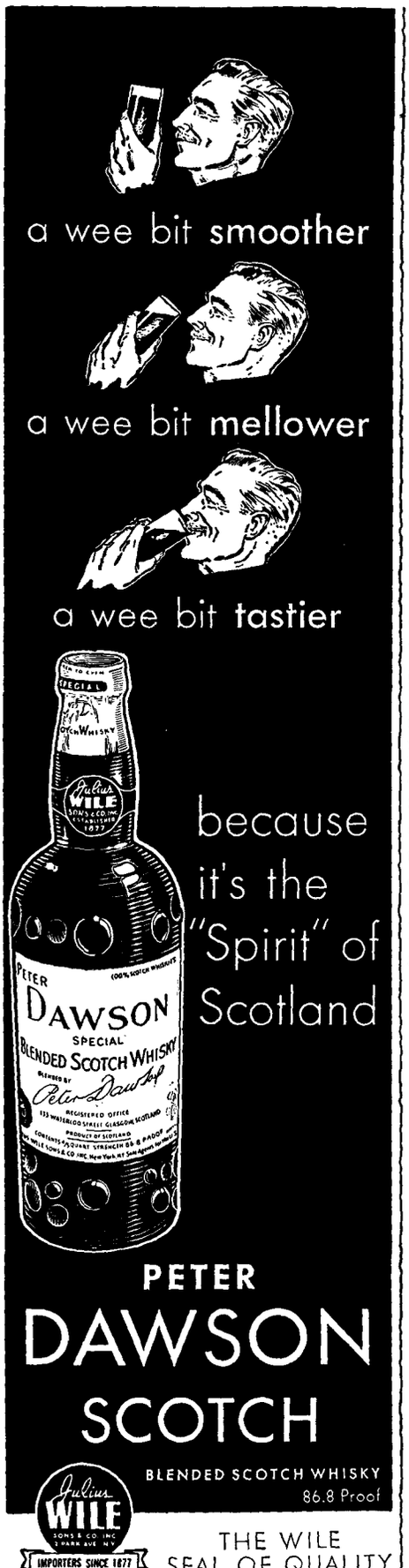

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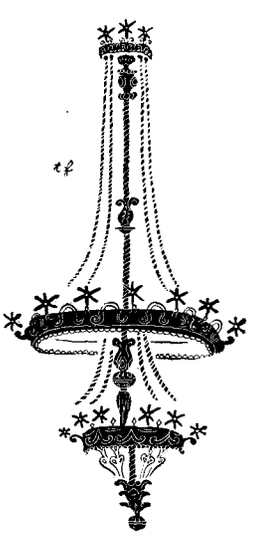
try's interests. At noon, however, there were only fifteen hundred people in the grandstand to watch the first preliminary bout. Thousands milled around outside the gates, many of them shouting, "We'll come in for ten dollars!" These were the aristocrats of the mob, and Kearns began to accommodate them at two-thirty, while people inside pushed down from high seats to empty ringside seats, the working press sweltered over typewriters almost too hot to touch, and two bands—the Montana State Elks band on one side of the ring and the Scottish Highlanders of Calgary on the other—alternately administered soothing music. A blind war veteran was singing a ballad in the ring when Kearns finally was overrun by the rest of the crowd outside, which came in free. Dempsey entered at three-thirty-six, thirty-six minutes late. "It was the most hostile crowd a heavyweight champion ever faced," he said a few years later, through a ghost writer, and he was probably right. There was some hissing, he recalls, but mostly "sullen silence." Gibbons made it harder for him by delaying his arrival till three-forty-five and taking ten minutes to have his hands taped in the ring. A few empty bottles descended near Dempsey's corner, tossed by spectators who blamed the champion for the delay. Dodging glassware in the corner with Dempsey were Kearns and Bill Lyons, who wore chaps and a sombrero as well as his arsenal. A number of what Kearns called "my Chicago hard guys" sat watchfully at the ringside just below.



It was a very bad fight. Dempsey, outweighing Gibbons—a hundred and eighty-eight pounds to a hundred and seventy-four—but stale and nervous, could not land his punches squarely. It was widely said later that he would not, out of fear for his safety, but that theory conflicts with the character and testimony of Dempsey and the opinion of expert eyewitnesses. Gibbons won a few of the early rounds. He opened a cut over Dempsey's eye in the second, and Dempsey complained afterward that Kearns, never the most sure-handed of seconds, poured cut medicine into the eye between rounds, making him half blind until the seventh. From the sixth round on, it was Dempsey's fight, easily. The crowd stopped crying "Kill him, Tommy!" and cried "Hang on!" That was all Gibbons tried to do—he had every reason to know he was working for nothing, and Dempsey's strength had soon made him sure he couldn't win. Gibbons scored one moral triumph when he survived the twelfth round, a new record against Dempsey, and another when he survived the fifteenth, and last, and forced the bout to a decision. The last round was one long clinch; Gibbons wrapped his arms around Dempsey, and the onlookers shouted derisively at the champion and threw cushions. Gibbons made no objection to Referee Dougherty's decision for Dempsey. Neither did the crowd.

Dempsey got out with the utmost dispatch when the verdict had been given. The Chicago hard guys, led by Detective Trant, hustled him aboard the private car on the siding. At the Shelby station, his car was hooked to a train for Great Falls. He spent the night at the Park Hotel in Great Falls and caught a regular train the next day for Salt Lake City. Both of Dempsey's eyes were slightly discolored when he boarded the Salt Lake train and exchanged a few last words with residents of Great Falls who came to see him off. "Don't hurry back!" called his well-wishers. "I won't, boys!" said Dempsey sincerely.

Kearns' departure from Montana was a little more complicated. To this day, he holds to the colorful view that he narrowly escaped injury or death from the guns of the West in getting out with the money. The money, the proceeds of the last day's ticket sale, amounted to about eighty thousand dollars in silver and bills. Kearns and McKetrick counted it in the presence of the federal tax men and stuffed it into a couple of canvas sacks. It is altogether possible that if Kearns had then honored an earlier promise to meet with certain fight fans and Shelby citizens in a saloon to talk things over before saying goodbye, he and the cash would not have left the state intact. The temper of Shelby needed only a sprinkling of ninety-proof rye to boil over. But Kearns, holding to his higher purpose, which was to keep all the money, less tax, broke the date. He and McKetrick made straight from the box office for a caboose attached to a locomotive that stood waiting in the twilight at the station. The get-

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away transportation had been chartered with the help of the federal men. As Kearns and McKetrick boarded the caboose, they observed in the street nearby the shadowy figure of a small man with a ukulele. This was the late Hype Igoe, a New York sportswriter with a turn for minstrelsy, who, having written his fight piece and lingered in Shelby to take on fuel, was delicately strumming chords for his own entertainment. "This is the New York special, Hype," called Kearns. Igoe accepted the invitation and got aboard, and the special rolled out of Shelby.

Still playing a cautious game, the Kearns party spent the rest of the night in the cellar of a barbershop in Great Falls. Kearns passed up the Salt Lake City express next day, and for five hundred dollars, out of one of the canvas bags, hired a locomotive and coach from the Great Northern's Great Falls agent. He and his friends joined Dempsey the next day.

On July 9th began a series of events that canonized Kearns in the boxing business. The Stanton Trust & Savings Bank of Great Falls closed its doors that day. Stanton insisted that the closing had no connection with the Dempsey-Gibbons fight; he blamed it on postwar conditions in general. However, all other reports from Montana then and later agreed that the public knowledge of Stanton's association with the fight caused a run on the bank, which the banker could not meet because of the temporary withdrawal of seventy-three thousand dollars in cash from his own account to pay Kearns on June 16th. The state bank examiner, L. Q. Skelton, came to Great Falls to take over the bank. He saved himself an extra trip to the neighborhood by taking over Mayor Johnson's First State Bank of Shelby as well, Johnson having stopped payments to depositors on the morning of July 10th. It was now revealed for the first time that much of the cash paid by Stanton to Kearns had been secured by Johnson with his personal property, which he began making over to Stanton after the fight. On July 11th, the First State Bank of Joplin, Montana, an affiliate of Stanton's bank, closed down. Newspaper reports from Joplin stated that all closings to date were "generally accredited" to the championship bout in Shelby. Boxing people never doubted this for a moment. Kearns and Dempsey have been pointed out ever since as winners over three Montana banks. The better informed students of the situation like

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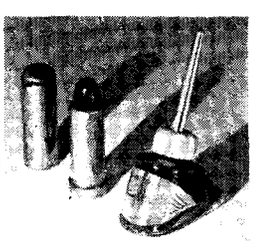

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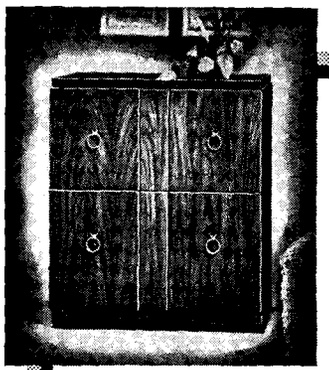

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Kearns, feel that the score should be four, for on August 16th of the same year, almost unnoticed by the press, the First National Bank of Shelby was closed by order of its board of directors, following withdrawals of something like a hundred thousand dollars in the first month after the fight. This left Shelby with, for the time being, no banks at all and practically no assets. The oil boom subsided not long afterward. The arena was torn down and the lumber salvaged by the mortgage holders.

Kearns says that Mayor Johnson wrote to Dempsey and himself that summer asking for a loan of twenty-five thousand dollars, and that it was granted, and repaid within a year. It is certain that the Mayor was comfortably off when he died, in 1938, thanks mainly to another strike in the Kevin-Sunburst oil field a few years after the first one, which reanimated the town. The career of Patricia Salmon, the tent-show actress, took an opposite course. Her New York press reviews from Shelby in 1923 won her a contract with Florenz Ziegfeld and a season in the "Follies." It was thought for a time that she, Dempsey, and Kearns (and the United States government) were the beneficiaries of the Shelby fight. But Miss Salmon was a one-year wonder. Her star declined as Johnson's rose, and in 1928 she was towed off the floor of Madison Square Garden with a set of swollen feet after performing consecutively for a hundred and thirty-five hours and forty minutes in a dance marathon that she had hoped would bring her publicity and another job in the theatre.

A WORD should be said about the early unpopularity of Dempsey, for it contributed much to his discomfort at Shelby and to the public's reaction in Montana and elsewhere. Like other entertainers in both World Wars, Dempsey, in 1918, did a certain amount of morale-building among war workers. There is evidence that he was popular with sports followers, including some Army and Navy men, in 1919, when he won the championship, and that the change did not set in until after the managers of heavyweights with war records, all of them outclassed as prizefighters by Dempsey, began to play up their wartime service in their interviews and advertisements. A photograph was widely circulated of Dempsey striking a pose in a shipyard during the war with a workman's tool in his hands and patent-leather shoes on his feet. He was formal-

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ly acquitted of draft evasion in 1920. From the time he lost the championship to Gene Tunney, in 1926, he was immensely popular in America and abroad. However, it was plain to anyone who knew him that he never forgot certain aspects of his public life between 1919 and 1926. He was commissioned, as a physical director, in the Coast Guard in the last war. I saw him during preparations for the Okinawa landing in 1945. He had obtained leave to go to Okinawa on a Coast Guard ship and could hardly control his excitement; in fact, it was almost necessary to gag him to maintain security before the operation began. He went ashore on the Marines' sector of the front shortly after D Day. He did not stay long, since he served no military purpose there, but it probably helped to compensate him for an hour spent with a sharp-tongued crowd outside the wooden arena at Shelby in 1923. Shelby paid as it went for its attitude toward Dempsey, but, like Kearns, he was not an easy man to satisfy.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Recently a friend gave Eleanor Parker a tiny alligator as a present. When it arrived, Eleanor was on her way to a party and she put the alligator into the bathtub. When she returned she found a note from the maid next to the bathtub. It read, "Dear Miss Parker: I have to tell you that I ain't working in a place where they have alligators. I should have told you this before, but I didn't believe such a situation would arise. My very best to you."—*Sidney Skolsky in the Post, May 3, 1948.*

And then there were the two alligators which she [Dorothy Parker] found in her taxi, where someone had been shrewd enough to abandon them. Mrs. Parker brought them home and thoughtfully lodged them in the bathtub. When she returned to her flat that night, she found that her dusky handmaiden had quit, leaving a note on the table which read as follows: "I will not be back. I cannot work in a house where there are alligators. I would have told you this before, but I didn't suppose the question would ever come up."—*From "While Rome Burns," by Alexander Woollcott, 1934.*

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[From a letter from Artemus Ward to Charles E. Wilson, of Cleveland, January 22, 1861, quoted in "Artemus Ward," by Don C. Seitz]

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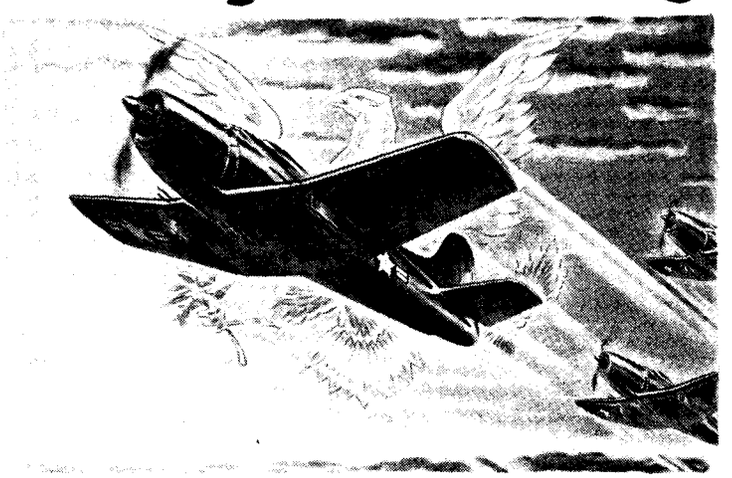

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. . . among the eagle's new wings is the Martin Mauler dive-torpedo bomber, shown above. During the past year, according to top Government officials, we were a poor third in airpower . . . but your Navy foresaw the need for powerful new carrier-based planes and worked closely with Martin engineers in developing this rugged slugger. Now, with America aroused to the need for additional airpower, Maulers are entering service with the Navy to help maintain security along the far-flung outposts of freedom.

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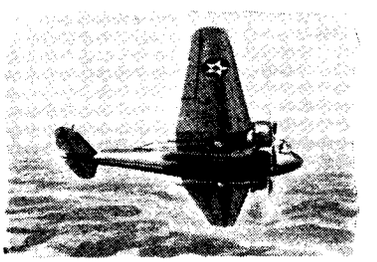

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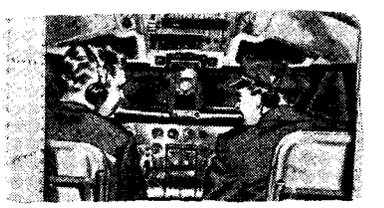

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 8

As someone here said wearily the other day, Palestine has been a nightmare in which the British dreamed that they were unpopular and from which they woke up on May 15th, the date they pulled out of the country, to find that their dream was true. The reports of the American reaction to British policy did not come as much of a surprise, but to many intelligent people they were the worst helpings of bad news that the newspapers had offered for some time. On the whole, although few Britons appear to feel even faintly happy about the mess in Palestine, they seem to try, in their discussions of it, to achieve a realistic view of the situation's present dangers rather than a mere recapitulation of their own or anybody else's mistakes. There are indeed plenty of dangers to view right now. Among certain groups, such as the Mosley crowd, anti-Semitism has received an effective and deplorable boost. The Jewish cause naturally lost friends here in the wave of anger aroused by the terrorists' actions. One hears less partisan talk about the rights of the opposing forces in Palestine, however, than argument for or against the Foreign Office line, a stand that is echoed by most of the press but is not so fully approved of by many of the customers who buy the papers. Lots of Britons believe, rightly or wrongly, that the job their government did in handling the mandate was as good as anyone could have done in such impossible circumstances. Plenty of others believe, rightly or wrongly, that their government has failed in its responsibilities and has lost face that will never be recovered in that vitally strategic area. President Truman's action in immediately recognizing Israel was regarded by both schools of thought, so far as can be judged, with as much concern as was Mr. Bevin's downright lack of any action. When Herbert Morrison stooged for Mr. Bevin in presenting the major speech of the Labour Party conference at Scarborough late last month, and when Mr. Attlee got up in the House of Commons the other day to answer questions on Palestine, with the Foreign Secretary sitting silently by, the rumors that the Foreign Office would shortly have a new tenant started again.

However sore Britons may feel over the latest twist the thorny old problem has taken, it is obvious to them that the really appalling danger is the possibility that the United States and Great Britain will run head on into each other, to the satisfaction of nobody but the residents of the Kremlin. The recent American suggestion, lugubriously recorded here in the press, that European Recovery aid to Britain should depend on her behavior in the Palestine matter was a natural for Soviet propagandists, who have already started crowing that this is the sort of bargain the arrogant capitalist power is always likely to drive in exchange for its wheat and machinery. To millions of ordinary English men and women who would like to feel that the future looks safer for their children than it does, the one comforting thought has been the belief that the Western democracies would hold together. It could be a disaster if either party allowed itself to stray off course even temporarily.

ALTOGETHER, it has not been a cheerful week for the British, what with Palestine, the new uncertainties about events in South Africa, and the gloomy predictions in the papers of what the cut voted by the American House of Representatives in the funds for the Marshall Plan would mean to the British standard of living. Most of the mournful and admiring tributes to General Smuts as the great leader inexplicably thrown out by his people have read a good deal like the comments of the foreign press on Winston Churchill's defeat in 1945. The headlines over the stories about the Marshall Plan, which are busily informing the public that they are likely to get less tobacco, less food, and less of pretty well everything if the appropriation remains sliced, and even, in some measure, if it doesn't, have come as a shock to most Britons, who were feeling vaguely that maybe things were beginning to look up—a notion that, heaven knows, none of Sir Stafford Cripps' pronouncements during the last six months have done anything to justify.

For many Londoners, though, warnings of economic troubles that are still ahead have ceased to mean as much as they once did. As a matter of fact, people's lives, in a number of small ways, have lately seemed to improve. Food is no worse, and the exceptionally warm spring has brought optimistic harvest predictions from the country. Since June 1st, when a skinny gasoline ration for pleasure purposes was reinstated

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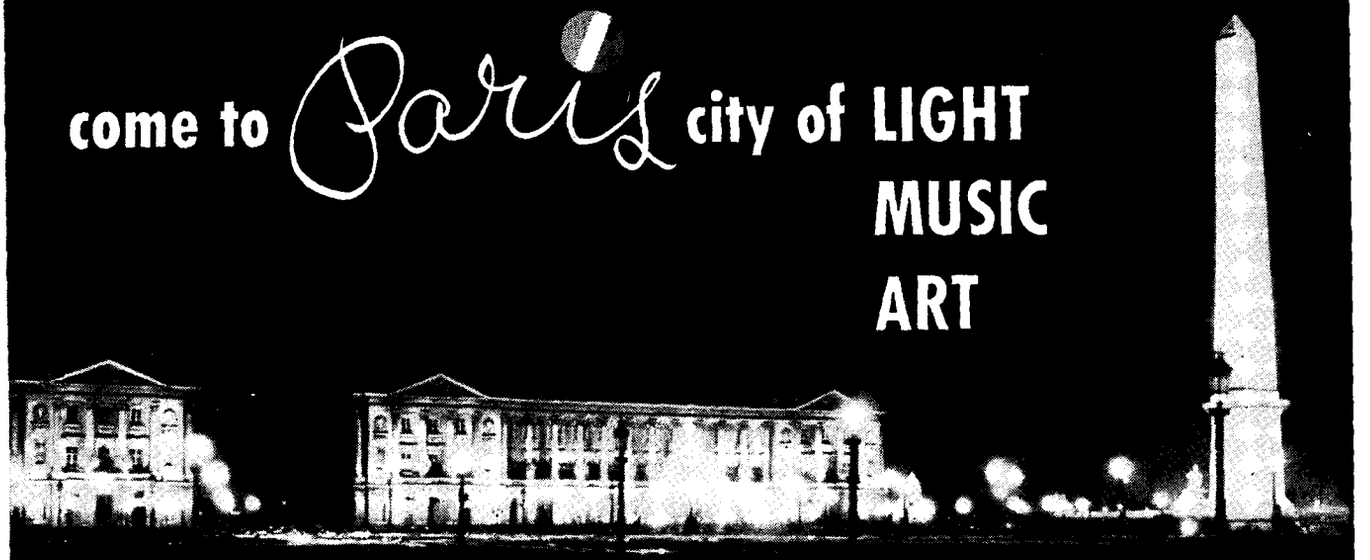

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Happily this is a country with no "season", strictly speaking. Or rather, it is a country of *all* seasons. Spring is breath-takingly lovely in the provinces. Autumn is gay and busy in Paris. Then winter sports on snowy heights, or sunny Riviera as you choose. Summer, of course, is fun for all.

But whenever you come, there's beauty on all sides. There are museums . . . churches . . . cathedrals. There are art and music . . . architecture and history. There's opera . . . and theatres . . . and the famous cafes . . . there's shopping! What more could one ask?

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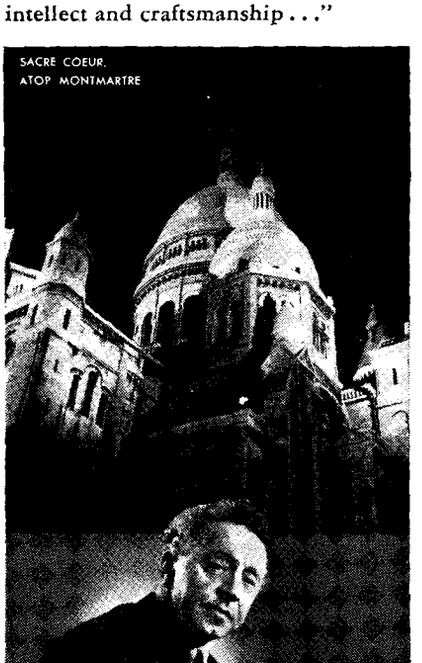

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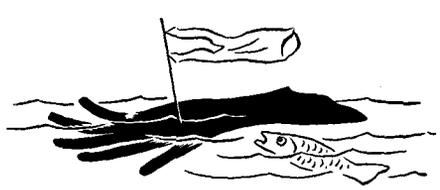

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(motorists who had already been given allowances for business purposes were not allowed one additional drop and are, of course, griping hard), drivers have been able to take the family for a short Sunday spin without experiencing an instinctive reflex of guilt at the sight of the neighborhood bobby. In reply to the clamor of the clothing trade, which complained that it was being ruined, the Government first said that it wouldn't give an inch and then suddenly gave a whole foot—twelve beautiful extra clothing coupons, which caused an unusual bustle in the stores. Certain articles, such as gloves and men's neckties, were taken off the ration altogether—minor concessions indeed, but uplifting in their effect on the public, who are apt to accept controls as a sort of evil forest that has grown up around them and become a tedious but quite natural part of their lives. The new chill in the atmosphere, coming on top of the misleading summery feeling that nothing was quite so bad as it had looked a while before, has been startling.

Politically, the biggest sensation has been the return to the Cabinet of Mr. Dalton, who has served out his exile for his slip of the tongue that allowed a journalist an idea of what to expect in his budget. Nobody knows in quite what role he will function, but most people think it will be as a sort of spare card in the Ministerial deck. There are those who have him marked down to succeed Bevin, a possibility that the Manchester *Guardian* has just bluntly said would be hardly less of a calamity than if he were "given a hand again in our economic affairs." What may worry the moderate members of his party most is his effect on the white-collar-class voters, to whose feelings the Socialists have suddenly become sensitive. Mr. Dalton, a member of the prosperous professional classes himself, has never pretended to have any such tender concern, and many Labourites fear privately that his reappearance may detach a still larger chunk of the important floating vote in the next elections.

LONDONERS have been trooping across the river to Battersea Park to see a notable exhibition of sculpture that the London County Council has imaginatively staged in a garden glade by the side of a little lake. In the three weeks since it opened, fifty thousand people have paid a shilling to come and eat their picnic lunches on the grass, or even, in bad weather, to wander hardily under dripping umbrellas among the

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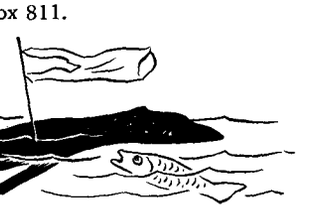

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magnificent Maillols, Epsteins, and Henry Moores. The experiment is so brilliantly successful that it makes all sculpture viewed in the dead light of a gallery seem as flat as butterflies seen under glass rather than alive in a garden. To soften the impact of the more modern exhibits, the selection committee admitted some soothingly academic sculpture—including a conventional mother and child by Sir William Reid Dick, the sculptor of the Franklin Roosevelt statue—but the crowds, which have not by any means been confined to the sort of people who go regularly to the galleries, have seemed mostly interested in the harder-to-take works, such as the "Laocoön" of Ossip Zadkine and the long, pensive Modigliani head lent by Augustus John. The exhibit that dominates everything else, however, is a haunting Henry Moore group of three gigantic female figures, classically draped and standing together with their faces upturned in attitudes of tense expectation, like women who think that they hear an air-raid siren. The other day, people were going back to the group again and again, in apparent fascination. London has been given a chance to acquire the work as a permanent possession. If it accepts, it will have acquired a masterpiece.

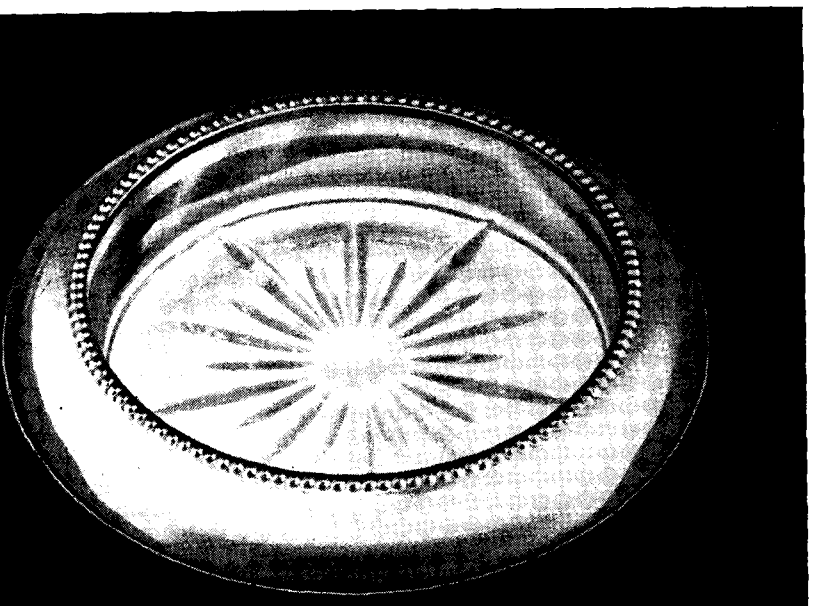
The London County Council is planning for next month another outdoor art show, this time of known and unknown painters, who will be invited to hang their canvases on a vast trellis in the Victoria Embankment gardens, at the back of the Savoy Hotel. The pictures will be changed frequently, and visitors who drop in for half an hour's fresh air combined with art will be able to purchase their fancy on the spot, if they wish, and walk off with it under their arm. London is still short of the more prosaic kind of paint, but this sort of intelligent municipal activity in the city's staid parks should have an enlivening effect. Thousands of Londoners who never took an interest in art before are going to be introduced to it this summer by catching sight of it suddenly from the deck of a tramcar.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

During the questioning today, Bramblet said, Mrs. Abner related that after her husband had gone to the barn she followed him with a shotgun, walked up behind him and shot him in the in the women's branch of the back of the head.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Couldn't be a worse place.



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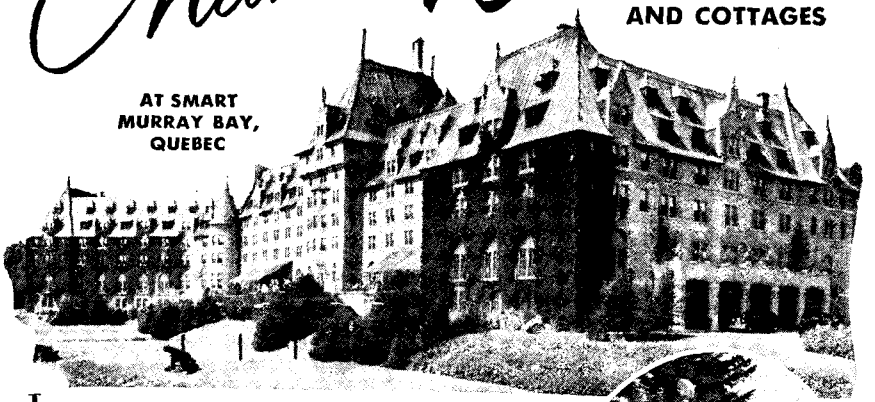

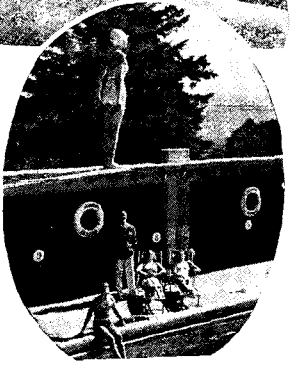

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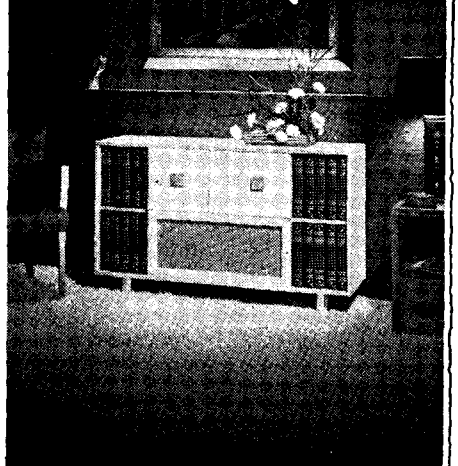

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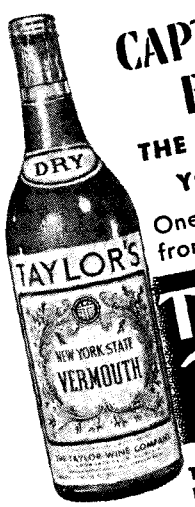

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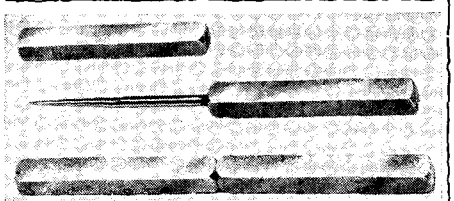

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SERENADE

RECENTLY, in the process of moving, I went through the contents of an old chest of drawers and came upon a string of cheap pink beads. I picked them up, thinking that changing houses is a strange, unsettling affair. You empty cupboards and drawers, and there lie the deposits of the years—knickknacks, odds and ends. Bits of yourself, forgotten yet still present, stare at you all at once and remind you of how quickly the years have gone. Now, as I held the necklace, the past came rushing back at me, and I could feel the heat of a distant summer.

It was a golden summer. Anna, my sister, was seventeen and I was fifteen. The sun beat down on us, tanning our skins chocolate brown, and danced on our dark, unribboned hair. Our family's summer home was in a small watering place beside the Danube. We had an old cottage with green shutters. Boxes ablaze with fiery geraniums stood on the window sills. The garden stretched to a private beach at the edge of the water. I remember that the sunlit stones were too hot for our naked toes as we ran out of the river after a long swim. The green, hilly vineyards nearby were flanked by walnut trees. Anna and I had our own rowboat, with two pairs of oars. We called it Dream Boat, and for us it was the loveliest thing ever made.

The Danube was very wide just there. A tiny island, overgrown with trees, shrubs, rank grass, wild flowers, and blackberry bushes, floated on its bosom. Thick rushes, the haunt of wild ducks and moor hens, grew at one end of the island. No building had ever stood on it. Anna and I hated the intruders who occasionally came along and pitched their tents there for a few days. We loved to roam in our private paradise. Father loved our island, too, but he didn't roam. He sat down among the bushes, under a large tree, surrounded by his fishing rods, nets, hooks, artificial flies, worms (which he kept moist in boxes of black earth), and boiled corn-flour balls, which he also used as bait. He kept his fish fresh in a large box drilled full of holes and lined with moss, which he set down in a shallow.

Father was a passionate fisherman. He never smiled more sweetly than [illegible] of the month of one of his poor victims. He was immune to sun and rain and even mosquitoes. For anyone else to touch any part of his fishing gear was sacrilege.

ANNA once committed this grave offense, at my instigation, because of love. It happened before the great Anna Ball, which always marked St. Anna's Day and was the highlight of the summer. It wasn't just an ordinary ball; it had everything, including a dance competition and a beauty competition. The whole thing began with a sort of Venetian-night procession on the river. All the boat owners trimmed their craft with flowers and lanterns, or with anything else they could think of. The most splendid boat got a prize, and if its occupants were a young man and his girl, they were allowed to consider themselves engaged for that one night. They could hold hands, dance all the dances together if they wished, and even kiss when the prize was awarded.

One Sunday morning that summer, Father had a disagreement with Titus, the proprietor of one of the village's two restaurants. Both of these restaurants were beside the river, not a stone's throw from each other. They both had huge, glass-walled dining rooms, like verandas, and each had a large garden alongside the water. At night, a million moths swirled around the naked electric-light bulbs in the gardens, the stars and the moon flashed their faces in the dark waters, and at ten o'clock the Vienna steamer passed by, blazing with light. And on those summer nights gypsies, who made bricks all winter, pressed their brown, tense faces to their violins and played while the light shone on the elbows of their old black coats. The restaurants were called after their owners, Titus and Herskovic. Titus was a proud old man with a handle-bar mustache, a double chin, and a red nose. Much of his profit went down his throat. His restaurant made the best fish soup. Herskovic was Jewish, a meek little man with a black skullcap. He had a queenly wife. His restaurant made the best roast duck.

Father used to go to Titus's every Sunday after church. Sometimes he allowed Anna and me to accompany him. He would have a huge tankard of beer with his friends the village doctor and

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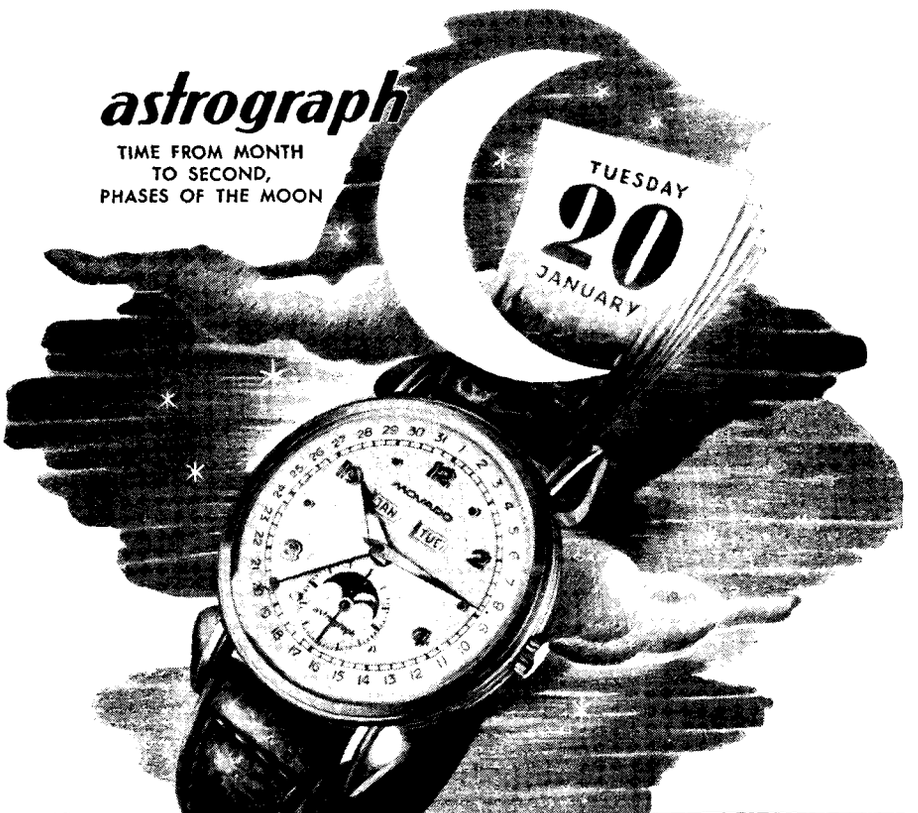
the village chemist and we would have salty pretzels and raspberry syrup with soda water, which we drank through straws. And some of the boys were sure to be at Titus's, since wherever we went, they went, too, because Anna was beautiful. She had masses of curly dark hair, a short, delicate nose, and even white teeth that showed like rice between her wide red lips. She had a petite figure, like Mother's, and she was as shy as a doe. Not me. I had long legs and freckles, and when I laughed, you could hear me miles away.

I was sorry for Anna. She was in love with our cousin Joska, and I thought being in love was silly nonsense. But Anna was my sister and I worshipped her. The morning Father quarrelled with Titus, she was in a sparkling mood. After church, Joska had attached himself to her and I had heard him say, "You know, Anna, you don't look bad at all. I don't object to you, as I do to other girls." This had made Anna very happy. I knew, because she had given me her pink beads, which I had wanted for so long. Then we had gone to Titus's.

The doctor was already there, at a table in the garden, and the chemist arrived just as we did. An argument about the best bait for carp began almost at once. Father said worms. The chemist said flies. The doctor swore there was nothing to beat little balls of corncake. Then Titus said none of them knew anything about fishing unless they had used liver. Father drew himself up and said "Pooh!" and "Nonsense!" and that liver was good only for perch. Then Titus grew very red and said that he had been catching carp as long as his arm with liver when Father was still wearing trousers that buttoned up at the back. Then Father put his palms on the table, as if he were ready to pounce, and said "*Those* carp I would like to have seen!," and Titus ran indoors and brought out a glass case with a huge fish in it. Father wouldn't even look at it, but only said in a stern voice, "How much is my bill?" He threw the money on the table and we left. That's why we started going to Herskovic's that summer.

AT the time of Father's quarrel with Titus, both restaurants were making great preparations for the ball. The big, glass-walled rooms were festooned with colored bunting and Chinese lanterns, and extra gypsies had been engaged. The whole village was filled with posters announcing the grand



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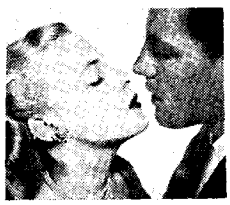

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occasion. Anna and I, of course, were excited and talked about nothing but the ball all day long. Mother was having new frocks made for us—white muslin for Anna and sky blue for me. Naca, our best friend, was to wear pink. Naca was blond with violet eyes, and she was in love with Joska, too. She was a dreamy sort of girl, sweet-tempered and quiet, but if I had dared to tease her about Joska, she would have scratched my eyes out. All three of our frocks were being made by the best dressmaker in the village, a little spinster with a bent back. She was an angel, filled with adoration for everything romantic—maybe because she made the wedding dresses for all the village maidens, and for the maidens of all the neighboring villages, too.

Anna and I talked of how we would deck our boat with flowers and green branches, and I said that we ought to scoop out big pumpkins, all properly carved into horrid faces, and put lighted candles inside. Anna didn't like the pumpkin idea. She wanted Chinese lanterns and wild-jasmine branches trimmed with silver witch balls, but in the end she gave in. She had been rather lacking in spirit for a few days. We had seen Joska taking Naca out blackberry-picking in his father's buggy.

On the afternoon when the ball was only two days off, Joska came past our private beach in his boat with three other boys. He called out, "Ha-ho, girls, may I land?"

"If you wish," Anna said coolly, and he and the other boys came ashore.

"Anna," said Joska, "would you like to be my partner in my boat on the Anna Ball night? I have a grand plan to decorate the boat. Your sister could take the rest of the boys with her in your boat."

Anna grew as red as a geranium. "I thought you were going with Naca," she said quietly.

"You think too much," Joska said, laughing in his teasing way. His big white teeth flashed in his bronzed face.

"Yes," said Anna simply. After a moment, she asked, "How would you decorate the boat?"

Standing there in front of us in his short swimming trunks, Joska looked really handsome; he was brown all over, and his chestnut hair was wavy and damp from swimming. He was the acknowledged leader of all the boys, and it would be a great honor to be in his boat on the night of the Anna Ball. He grinned and said, "I'll tell you but it's going to be a big sur-

prise. Will you come with me to the vineyards after tea, so we can discuss it?"

"I think I *might* have time today," said Anna, although I knew she would have run after him to Greenland if he had asked her. Then we all swam for a while and baked in the sun, like lizards, until Mother emerged from the cool and darkened room where she always rested after lunch and called us to tea on the veranda. Terry, our maid, brought out coffee, great chunks of bread, butter, ham, salami, green pimentos, jam, fruit, and jugs of yoghurt for those who preferred it to coffee. Mother just drank coffee. She rarely ate much, for she was seldom well. She suffered from insomnia and the overbearing ways of Father. At that time, we didn't bother much about her, we were such healthy young animals ourselves. Anna, though, often said, "Poor Mother! I wonder if I will be like her when I am married and have children." Then her eyes would get misty and her features so still that she seemed suddenly alien.

AFTER tea, Anna went up to the vineyards with Joska and I went blackberry-picking with the other boys. The sun was setting by the time I reached home, and Anna was already there, watering the flowers in the garden. "Well," I said, "won't you tell me how the boat is going to be trimmed? You know I won't tell a living soul."

"I don't know if there's going to be anything to tell," Anna said. "Joska is cross with me. He wants to trim the boat with fishing nets and string up silver fish in rows and put a real ship's lamp at each end of the boat and have us dress up as a fisherman and fishergirl."

"Well," I said, "what's wrong with that? Why, it's a terrific idea!"

"He wants me to borrow Father's bamboo fishing rod tomorrow and go with him to catch the fish. He hasn't got a rod."

The idea paralyzed me for a moment. Then I said, "You must do it, of course. Father is going to town tomorrow afternoon."

"I can't," Anna said, quite pale. "Suppose he finds out?"

"He won't," I said. "With that rod, you can catch all the fish you need, and you can put it back long before he's home."

"I daren't," said Anna, almost in tears.

"You must," I said, "or Joska will ask Naca's brother for a rod and then

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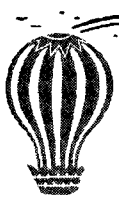

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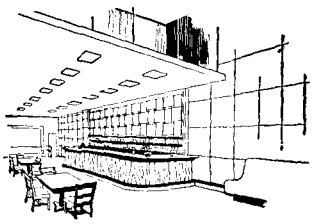

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take her in his boat. You wouldn't want that, would you?"

"I will think it over," Anna said, and poured water over the carnations, which immediately exhaled their scent in gratitude.

That evening, after supper, Anna and I sat on a bench in front of the house. Six huge walnut trees stood before us in a row. It was dark; we could hear the crickets and see the Orient Express as it rumbled by on the embankment like a great, shining worm. Joska and his three friends came along, and he sat down beside Anna. I don't know what they talked about, but later, when Joska was leaving, I heard him say, "I'll be at the beach at three with my boat." And she answered, "All right, I'll be ready."

NEXT day was Friday, the day before the ball, and Anna and I went to get our new frocks from the dressmaker. Though Mother had a headache that morning, she went with us. The dresses were beautiful. Anna kissed Mother, and I gave a loud Sioux shout. Mother put her hand to her head, and Anna said, "Be quiet. Don't you see Mother has a headache?"

After lunch, Father went off to town, saying he would be back on the seven-thirty. Mother went to lie down, and Anna took the bamboo fishing rod and slipped away with Joska. I helped Terry with the cooking for the ball night. We were making a fruitcake, and I was stirring the mixture, squatting on a small footstool, when I heard Anna call. Her voice sounded strange and worried. I ran out onto the veranda. Anna stood there silent, holding out the pieces of Father's best fishing rod.

"Jesus-Maria!" I cried. "Did you catch a whale? Wait till Father sees this! We could stick it together, maybe."

"No," said Anna. "It can't be glued together. I shall tell Father. But he must never know that Joska had anything to do with it. Father would never let him set foot in this house again."

I knew she was right. "Very well," I said. "But you must let me say it was my fault. You know I told you to take it."

"No," said Anna. "You meant well. I shall tell Father. He won't kill me," she added hopefully.

Anna and I were at the station for the seven-thirty, because Father liked to see us there in strength and to have us greet him with as much joy as if he had just returned from an expedition

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thoughts were, but I hoped that the train would never come, or that Father would have stayed in town, or that the wretched rod would somehow, by a miracle, mend itself. We saw the train coming around the bend. Anna was making a tiny, damp ball of her handkerchief. The train stopped and Father got out. He was in a cheerful mood. He said he hoped there was a good dinner, because he was hungry. We left the station and began walking home. For a few moments, no one spoke; then Anna blurted out, "Father—Father, I've broken your fishing rod."

He looked as if he hadn't understood her. His gray eyes seemed incredulous. He pushed his hat back on his head and said, "What did you say? What did you break?"

"Your fishing rod. The bamboo one," Anna said, in a small voice but with the courage of an early Christian facing the lions.

Father's face became terrible with rage. I thought he was going to hit Anna. But he only said, in a stern, almost polite voice, "I won't ask you how it happened, or why. It's enough that you touched it. I gave explicit orders that no one was to touch my fishing rod. You have been disobedient. I will show you how to be disobedient again. I'll teach you a lesson you will remember to your dying day."

We listened with a fear approaching panic. Then, as he pronounced sentence, I felt as if I had been struck by lightning. "You are not going to the ball tomorrow," he said.

I cried out, "Father, you can't do that! Please, Father! I did it. Anna must go to the ball."

But it was no use. Father just said, "Very well, you won't go, either."

I didn't say any more. I knew Father. But, although I was heartily ashamed of myself, tears rolled down my cheeks. Anna was very pale, but she did not cry.

We arrived home. Mother was waiting on the veranda. "Hello, dear," she said to Father. "Was it very hot in town?"

He walked into the house without returning her greeting, and the rest of us followed him. "How did my best fishing rod get broken?" he demanded.

"I didn't know it was broken," Mother said.

"Of course not," said Father. "What do you ever know? You and your headaches! Your girls do what they like while I slave away to keep you all!"

"Please, dear!" she said.

"Oh, I," she said. But I'll show you all who is the master here. We are not going to the ball tomorrow."

"Please, dear!" said Mother again, hopelessly.

But Father had already gone out, banging the door after him, and was on his way to Herskovic's for a drink.

THAT night, there was a storm. I awoke to the sound of thunder. I saw Anna sitting on the window sill, her white nightgown outlined against the dark sky, and I went over and stood beside her. She had opened the green shutters wide. The sky split as if a silver whip had cracked across the darkness. The rain splashed down and a rich, earthy smell rose up from the garden. It was cool, and the thunder made me shiver. Anna put her arm around my shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Anna," I said.

"Oh, don't!" she said. "It really doesn't matter. I will never get married anyway."

A little later, the storm abated and Anna closed the shutters. "You had better get in bed," she said. "You will catch cold." She kissed me and said, "Poor Mother!"

Saturday morning, we all had breakfast on the veranda. It was a lovely morning, but I was relieved when the meal was over. Anna and I didn't do much that day. We stayed in the garden or on the beach. Anna sent word to Joska by Terry that we were not going to the ball. She told me that as soon as she had a chance of a job, she would run away from home.

The most painful part of the whole day was after dinner. Father went off for a drink, and Terry went to see the parade of boats on the river. She could have seen it from our beach, but she wanted to see it as one of the crowd. Mother, Anna, and I stayed on the veranda. Anna read, Mother worked at her embroidery, and I played with the dog, not having enough patience to do anything in particular. We heard the music from the river and the cheering for the decorated boats. I thought my heart would break. Then Terry returned and said that the boats were lovely, and that Joska had won the first prize and that she hadn't been able to see who else was in his boat. She was quite breathless and felt most important bringing us all this momentous news. She said that the whole neighborhood had turned out and that the girls looked beautiful, though there wasn't a single one who could compare with Anna. Then Anna suddenly got up and said she was going to bed. By the time

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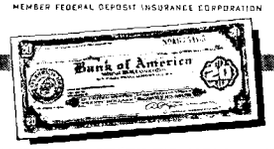

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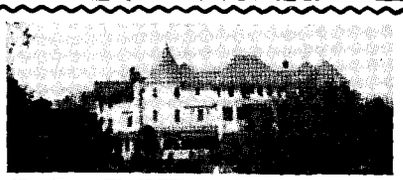

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Father returned, we were all in bed. Soon after I heard him come in, I dropped off to sleep and dreamed I was at the ball.

I awoke gradually to the sound of music. It seemed at first part of the dream, but it was real and it came from outside our window. Anna was standing behind the closed shutters, her hands on her breast. "There is only one girl in this world," Joska was singing softly, accompanied by some of the gypsies who played at Herskovic's.

"Anna," I whispered. "Anna, light a candle, so that Joska will know that you hear him."

Anna got a match and lit the pink candle in the silver candlestick that stood on our dresser. Her hands were shaking. Then she took the bud of a white rose from a vase, opened the shutter a mere crack, and threw the rose down.

"Good night, Anna," said Joska softly, and he and the musicians went away.

I DROPPED off to sleep, but not for long. Music woke me again—this time a wild, reckless tune, from right beneath Father's window. The gypsies were playing "Who's the Better Guy, You or I?" I could hear Father swearing, but the music continued. Then the musicians went away. I tried to go to sleep again. My eyes had scarcely closed before the gypsies were back, playing for all they were worth, right under Father's window. They played all his favorite tunes, went away, then returned half an hour later. By the third visit, Anna and I were bursting with laughter. Joska kept it up until dawn. Then we heard him call out, "Uncle Richard, sir, the fish are waiting. I know where they grow on branches. Won't you get up and come with me?"

There was a long silence. Then we heard Father answer. "The devil take you," he said. "I think I will. But first come in and have some breakfast with us."

The gypsies played a czardas, and Anna and I jumped out of bed, seized each other around the waist, and danced. There, shoeless and clad in our nightgowns, we had our ball.

—KATE BARLAY

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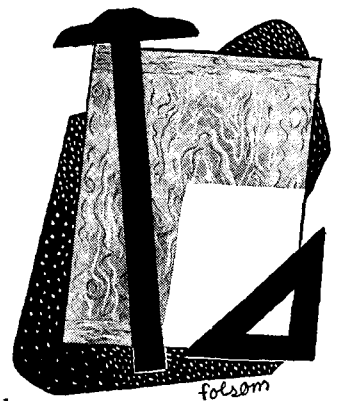
End of Season

THIS is traditionally the period of summer shows and seasonal retrospectives, and the majority of the current exhibitions fall into one or the other of these categories. But there are still a few of a different sort, and for the sake of continuity we would probably do well to look them over first. At the Downtown Gallery, they are showing a collection of ink, crayon, and pencil drawings by Yasuo Kuniyoshi, in the first exhibition of black-and-whites that he has had in several years. Kuniyoshi is a master of this medium; there aren't many of his contemporaries who can equal the sensitiveness and refinement that he brings to it. Since the show is a retrospective, with some forty items, covering the period from 1921 to the present, it provides a good chance to study his development as well as his virtuosity.



In the earliest of these pieces, done in ink and apparently with a mixture of brush and pen, the Oriental influence is still strong. The style is flat and the presentation almost abstract. Subject matter is entirely subordinated to design, and the majority of the drawings—"Trees and Grass," "An Ear of Corn," "Drying Fish," and so on—have an odd sort of "vignette" quality, with the objects clustered in the middle of the paper and no attempt made to fill the white space around them. This also helps to give an air of the Oriental to the compositions, for the result is to convey something of the deliberate economy of a Japanese flower arrangement, and certainly they are executed with a comparable subtlety and precision. In many ways, this technique parallels Kuniyoshi's painting style of the period. It wasn't until Western influences started to take more of a hold on him that he began to strive, in both his oils and his drawings, for the kind of over-all pattern and the broader treatment that are among the characteristics of our art. His big drawing called "Ballet Dancers," of 1940, is a considerable step in that direction, as are "Girl with Cigarette and Drink" and "Sketch for 'Wire Walker,'" of about the same [illegible] of his adoption of Western methods as because of his increasing maturity, Kuniyoshi's drawing was becoming bolder and surer, and his capacity for emotional evocation more profound. There is a certain wistful elegance about his "Girl in Chair with Still Life" and "Girl Relaxing" that recalls his many paintings, in the same genre, of the Pascinesque café girl sitting brooding by herself, and the landscape drawings he brought back from a trip he made through the West around 1940 carry an astonishingly powerful suggestion of loneliness and melancholy. In this group, "Deserted Silver Mine," "Taos," "Near Nevadaville, Colorado," and "Victor, Colorado" are among the more notable.

With the years, too, Kuniyoshi's command of the medium has increased, and to his early fluency and grace he has added a great deal of textural richness and depth. His design is also solider and more massive, and when these qualities are all brought together, as in "Moonlit Night" and "Murder in the Alley," with its striking composition and calculated interplay of sharp whites and deep, velvety blacks, the results are compelling indeed. "Spanish Woman," another of the recent ones, has a vibrancy and tension about it that remind one a little of Goya, while "Girl Putting on Hat" and "Hot Day" represent later, more expert ventures into the genre studies I spoke of earlier. Though the show presents only one phase of Kuniyoshi's work, it reveals him as a well-developed and well-rounded artist, and in these last days of the season it is especially worth seeing.

THE American Abstract Artists Annual is being held at the Chinese Gallery through this Saturday. It's a much smaller show than in previous years, with only thirty-eight pieces, by as many artists, and whether this indicates a diminution in the group's membership, its funds, or its collective creative powers I don't know. I do know, though, that in many ways the small number of exhibits works to the advantage of the showing as a whole. There is an effect of compact-

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ness, and also of greater selectivity, and, despite its limited size, the exhibition does offer a gratifyingly wide range of variations on the fundamental principles of the abstract approach. Ilya Bolotowski, with his grave, rectilinear "Ascent," and Charmion von Wiegand, with her more ebullient "Night Rhythm," continue the Mondrian tradition of complete non-objectivity, while Suzy Frelinghuysen (see her "Aqueduct") is more nearly in line with the flat-pattern abstract style of superimposed images that was originated in France around 1915. In between, there are such excellent pieces as Claire Falkenstein's blue "Seed Dispersal," with its interesting use of Plexiglas to produce three-dimensional suggestions; the compact, chunky "Composition," by Hyde Solomon; and the gray-and-brown "Squares," by Eleanor de Laittre. I liked, too, Josef Albers' "Three Reds Around Green" and the slightly diffuse but very colorful "Culmination," by Esphyr Slobodkina.

AT the Feigl Gallery, there is a showing of early paintings by Maurice Utrillo, who now, at sixty-five, has long passed what might be called his "experimental" stage. With more justice than Henri Matisse, to whom the remark has been attributed, Utrillo might say, "I invent no more; I produce," and his production for the past twenty years or so has consisted of an apparently endless series of paintings of Montmartre streets and similar vistas. His early work, though it dealt with the same subjects, was fresher, livelier, and more sensitive. The present collection, in such pieces as "Maison Blanche," "Rue de l'Abreuvoir," and the really handsome "Rue Lamarck, Montmartre" (all done around 1930), may serve to quicken interest in a man who is rapidly coming to be regarded as merely a journeyman artist.

NOW the group shows, and in view of the number of them at present I think it would be advisable to lump them, just pointing out the highlights along the way. Durand-Ruel has a casual but charming collection of French Impressionists—Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro, and others. They may change a picture from time to time, but there will always be something worth looking at there. . . . Wildenstein has hung a roomful apiece of small pictures by the Americans Winslow Homer and Eastman Johnson, both of which shows should be pleasant things to dip into, come summer. Among the galler

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focussing on contemporary Americans, the Midtown, Levitt, Contemporary Arts, Weyhe, and Parsons have good selections, the first two being rather conservative and the others tending more toward advanced work. In these exhibits, I'd cite particularly Maurice Freedman's "Pigeon Promenade" and Doris Rosenthal's "Night Train," at the Midtown; the Charles Umlauf sculptures "Nativity" and "Supplication," at the Levitt; Hedda Sterne's "Telegraph Pole" and Maude Morgan's "Involute," at the Parsons; and, at the Weyhe, the remarkably effective series of prints on texts taken from the Book of Ecclesiastes by a very young Canadian newcomer, W. Roloff Beny.

SO the season ends, and it may seem repetitious to say again, as I've said at this time so often in the past, that it has been a phenomenally busy one. The fact is, though, that it's true. Peyton Boswell, of the *Art Digest*, who keeps track of such things, tells me that among the ninety-odd galleries now active in the city there was an average of forty openings a week during the eight-month period from October to June, or around 1,360 showings in all. If one figures fifteen pictures per show—a fair average—that makes a total of approximately twenty thousand pieces of art that were presented to the public. We haven't caught up with Paris as an art center yet, perhaps, but it's not for want of trying.—ROBERT M. COATES

•

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[*From the Writer's Year Book, 1948 Edition*]

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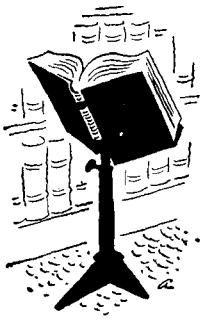
BOOKS

Ivy Compton-Burnett and the Gift of Gab



ALTHOUGH "Bullivant and the Lambs" (Knopf) is the fourth of Ivy Compton-Burnett's eleven novels to be published in this country, her work is still so little known here that her publishers have taken care to adorn the dust jacket of her book with a garland of tributes from English writers who *have* made the grade locally, among them Rosamond Lehmann ("Miss Compton-Burnett is probably the purest and most original of contemporary English artists"), Elizabeth Bowen ("her characters are larger than life-size"), and Phyllis Bentley ("unique in style and content"). After reading "Bullivant and the Lambs" and one of her earlier novels, "Parents and Children," I am inclined to go along with these tributes. I am also inclined to doubt that Miss Compton-Burnett will ever be found indulging in any such friendly literary logrolling for the other girls. She is not the type. Beside her, even so austere a stylist as Elizabeth Bowen seems a trifle gushing.

Miss Compton-Burnett is, in fact, about as fastidious and detached as a writer can become and continue to set pen to paper—her dialogue, lively and witty as it is, gives the effect of having been delicately unwound, like a live nerve, from the lips of her troubled speakers, and I am assuming that it isn't rapped out on a typewriter—and it is probably no accident that the inhabitants of the big, cold houses and wet countryside of her novels are invariably more suspicious of praise than of blame. If the praise happens, by some odd chance, to be sincere, they are quite undone. When, for example, Horace Lamb, who is less the hero of "Bullivant and the Lambs" than its leading character, visits his five children in the nursery, he badgers Avery, the youngest son, into proclaiming that of all the family he likes Sarah, the eldest daughter, best. Sarah's eyes fill with tears, and she turns and leaves the room:

"Why does Sarah cry?" said Avery.

"She was touched by what she heard," said Nurse, blinking her own eyelids.

"What is touched?"

"Her heart was touched," said Nurse.

"There is no need to elaborate the matter," said Horace, sharply. "There is no occasion to pity any one, because she hears a [illegible]

"She doesn't always," said Avery.

"It is when people don't, that they are made to cry when they do," said Marcus.

Horace left the room, and Sarah at once returned, as if she had been waiting for the moment.

Miss Compton-Burnett is undoubtedly too well mannered to subject the praises quoted on the dust jacket of her book to the sort of minute conversational dissection by which, little by little, the Lamb family is laid out before us on her glittering operating table, but it is easy to imagine how the Lambs themselves would respond to them, thrusting them back and forth over their hours-long breakfasts and ending by turning them inside out. (In the world of the Lambs, where only servants work, there is always plenty of time for talk, and the dining room, in which much of the action, or absence of action, takes place, gradually comes to seem as vast a portent of evil as the Pacific seemed to Ishmael.) The first commandment of the Lambs, and of all Miss Compton-Burnett's families, is that people must mean what they say. The second, and more difficult, commandment is that they must say what they mean. If Horace, peevishly poking at a cutlet, were to suggest that such-and-such a character was larger than life-size, his cousin Mortimer would be bound to ask whether this was not a mere miscalculation of scale, leaving the figure no better off than if it were smaller than life-size. "Unique" and "original" would also prove, under examination, to be two-faced; even "contemporary" might turn out to be less flattering than Miss Lehmann intended, for of all living writers Miss Compton-Burnett makes, I should think, the least concession to contemporary taste. She is neither obscure nor naturalistic. Her characters do not talk as real people talk, in starts and grunts and groans; they bubble up like never-failing springs. There are no streams of consciousness, only streams of conversation. Quietly, but ever so firmly, Miss Compton-Burnett hints that Joyce and Proust and Hemingway are all very well in their place but that there are hundreds of other ways to write a novel, and that the method of Jane

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Austen is, with certain remarkable modifications, good enough for her.

The titles of Miss Compton-Burnett's novels are among the not so quiet clues to this affinity. In England, "Bullivant and the Lambs" was published as "Manservant and Maidservant," and some of her other titles are "Elders and Betters," "A Family and a Fortune," and "Pastors and Masters"—all of them right out of the early nineteenth century and all of them with their tongues in their cheeks. The setting of "Bullivant and the Lambs" would strike the Bennets and Dashwoods as familiar: a large country house, the master's pride ("Horace . . . saw in his family house the perfection he had not found in his family") but a place no longer easy to maintain. ("Horace had married her [Charlotte] for her money, hoping to serve his impoverished estate, and she had married him for love, hoping to fulfill herself. The love had gone and the money remained, so that the advantage lay with Horace, if he could have taken so hopeful a view of his life.")

Having set the scene and provided a family and staff of reckless dimensions, Miss Compton-Burnett cannot remain wholly true to the past, for she proceeds to invent a plot with complications so outrageous and, at the same time, so usual that they lie somewhere between farce and a parody of farce. With a pretext of perfect seriousness, she asks the reader to suspend his disbelief while she contrives for Cousin Mortimer to be in love with Charlotte and for them to determine to break with Horace, taking all five children with them. Charlotte is called away (to her sick father "on the other side of the earth"—nothing more definite than that), and a letter sent by her to Mortimer is intercepted by a Miss Magdalen Doubleday, sister of the children's tutor (notable in his own right for some unfinished essays, to which he returns now and then for the purpose of "putting in the charm"); the letter is conveyed to Horace, who commands Mortimer to marry Magdalen Doubleday or leave the place. And so, twist on twist, to the last preposterous page. But the plot is there to be seen through, to provide, as Meredith's plots do, an abounding series of anticlimaxes, and, most important, to serve as a frame on which to hang the endless conversations of the Lambs. The plot is the author's joke at the expense of her readers, for, although we no more credit the extraordinary coincidences with which Miss Compton-Burnett furnishes a novel [illegible] with the same disarming aplomb, by Meredith and E. M. Forster, we read on as if we *did* credit them, and beg for more.

Technically, "Parents and Children" is an even greater tour de force than "Bullivant and the Lambs," being nearly all talk. Its opening sentences are characteristic:

"I suppose my thoughts are nothing to be proud of," said Eleanor Sullivan.

"Then they are different from the rest of you, I am sure, dear."

"I always mean what I say, Fulbert."

Mr. Sullivan did not make the protest of himself.

"If you reveal the thoughts, I will give them my attention," he said, leaning back and folding his arms with this purpose.

"It is the old grievance of spending my best years in your parents' home."

"It would be worse not to spend them in a home of any kind."

"You must turn everything into a joke, of course."

"I should be hard put to it to manage it with that. You would have a right to your long face."

"We would do better in a cottage of our own, than as guests in this great house."

"No chance with nine children. The cottage would not contain them. . . ."

And, indeed, it is true; the Sullivans have nine children, and parents-in-law, and a nurse, and a governess, and servants, and we meet them all, and they are all equally eloquent. But if the Sullivans are an entertaining and frightening family to overhear, the Lambs are less frightening only because there are fewer of them. The fact is that Miss Compton-Burnett's characters are, whatever their age, whatever their sex, distinguished by the most astonishing gift of gab in English letters. Even the servants are made to ruminate like Hamlets. Bullivant—I could not call Horace Lamb the hero of the novel because Bullivant, the butler, has at least a claim to the title—is a glacier of solemnly descanted syllables, and Mrs. Selden, the cook, allows as she has always been "one for expression." Nobody can touch that household for talk, talk, talk, but it is not, it turns out, talk without a purpose; not a word has been wasted, for sooner or later, almost without being aware of it, one catches sight of the horror that, for Miss Compton-Burnett (still quietly and firmly), waits just behind the mounting pressure of their daily exchange of trivialities—the possibility that if only they keep talking long enough, they will give themselves away, and one day the truth will come tearing through, exposing their mean little tatters of jealousy and passion and greed, each before all the others. This family, she seems to say, which sits here all day eating and talking and stirring up

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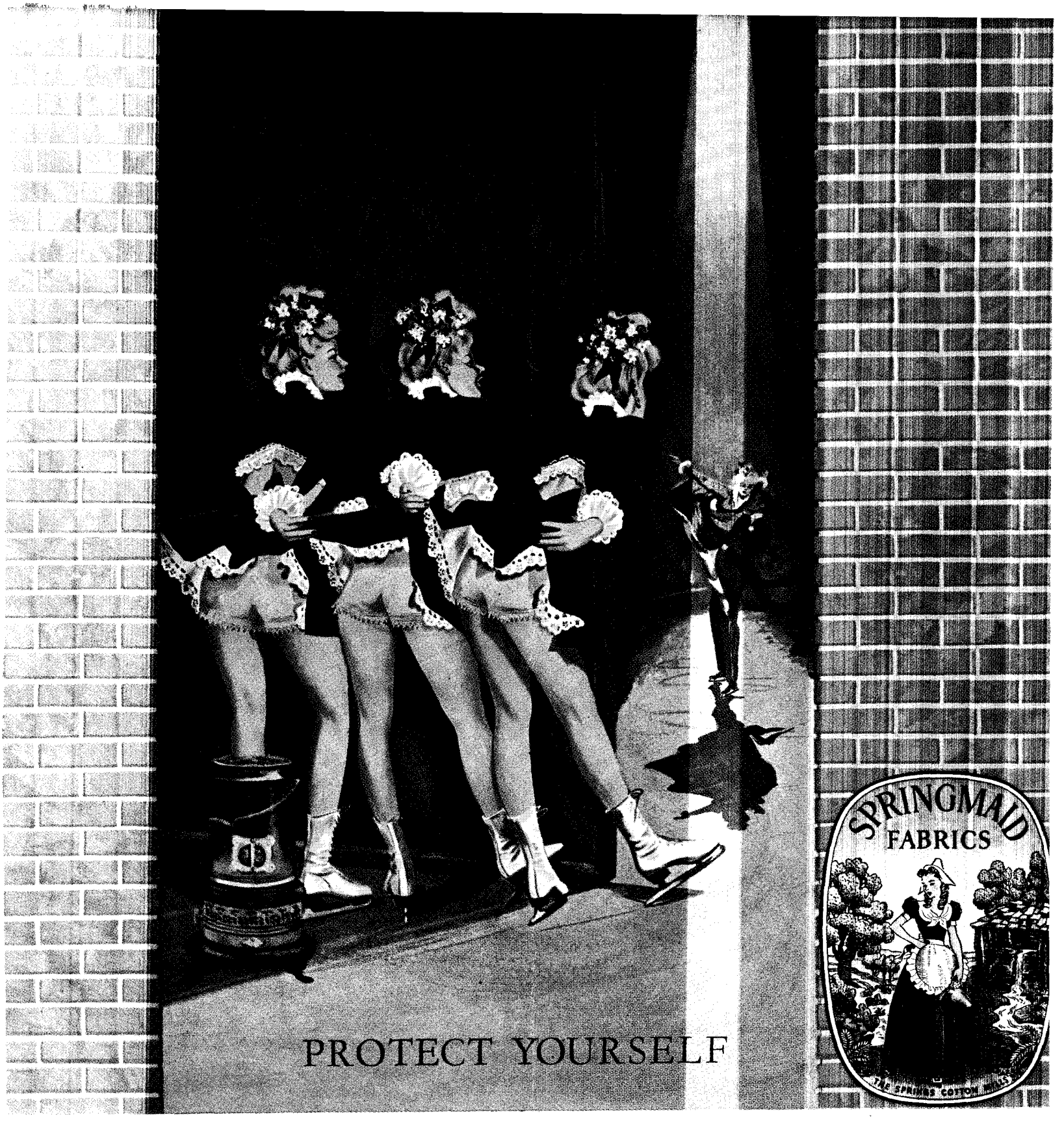

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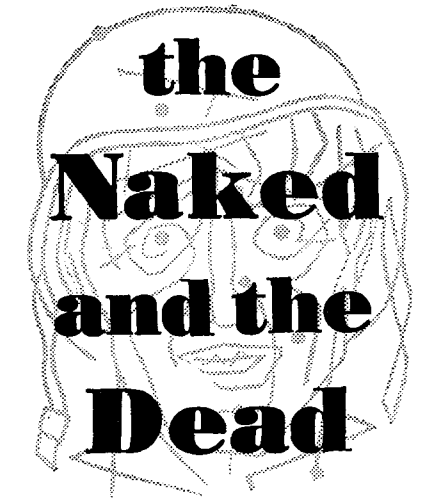

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the refractory fire (there is, of course, a dead jackdaw up the chimney)—for all that I can make you laugh at it, what a power for evil it is, how easily it can, if it likes, destroy itself! And how like every other family it is! She provides us with a statement of this view in what is not, for once, conversation but the first paragraph of a letter written to Horace by Mortimer after his banishment from the house, and it can be made to stand, I think, as the cornerstone of this novel, and probably of all her work:

MY DEAR HORACE—
You told me not to write to you, but I am never so malicious as to take people at their word. It is almost like telling them that they have made their bed and must lie on it. Thank you very much for your letter. It has broken my heart, but that is the natural result of the use of words. When human speech developed, it was a foregone thing. It allowed people to communicate their thoughts, and what else could come of that?

—BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MORNING SONG, by Dorshka Raphaelson (Random House). An appraisal of life in this city, both top and bottom side, twenty-five years ago. The person passing judgment on it is a young woman who fights her way up from a squalid corner of the Bronx into the gilded throng of a Broadway chorus line. After conducting a survey of the city's upper social reaches during the hours of darkness, she decides that the laughter is gayer, the wine is sweeter, and the people are finer down below. In accordance with these conclusions, she abandons her dream of marrying a swell and turns her attention to the entreaties of a childhood friend named Lefty. Outrageously heart-warming.

THE FLAMES OF TIME, by Baynard Kendrick (Scribner). Historical novelists, having already bloodied to the saturation point every foot of American soil north of the thirtieth parallel, appear now to be bent on the sack of Florida. Several weeks ago, the northern part of that state was laid waste in a novel called "The Bright Feather," by Robert Wilder. Mr. Kendrick, in addition to subjecting this territory to further pillage, pushes down the peninsula to St. Augustine, from where he reports on the forays carried out in that neighborhood—most of them aimed at undermining the Spaniards, either politically or romantically—by a

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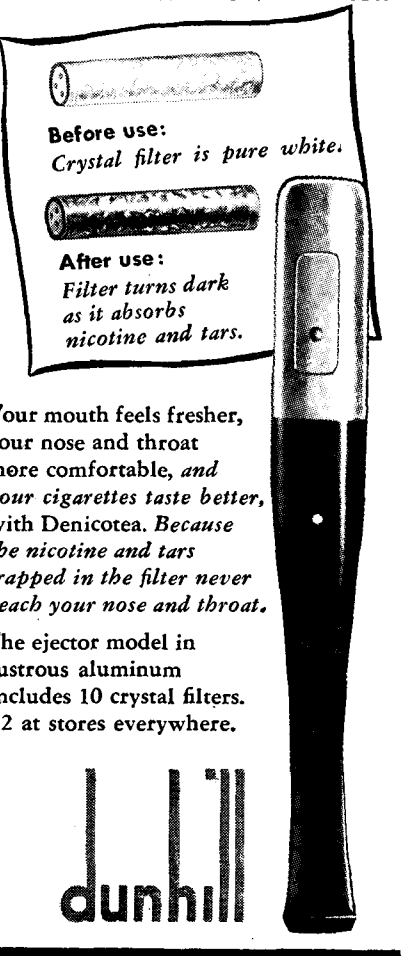

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States government during the early part of the nineteenth century. This three-hundred-and-seventy-four-page object is the July choice of the Literary Guild.

GENERAL

THE MEDITERRANEAN, by William Reitzel (Harcourt, Brace). The Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan have, of course, made Americans increasingly aware that their country has a definite interest in the Mediterranean. It is Mr. Reitzel's contention that very few Americans know precisely what that interest is or are agreed upon what long-term policy we should adopt for the area. In this book, the latest bearing the imprint of the Yale Institute of International Studies, he reviews recent events that have placed the Mediterranean in our geopolitical sphere and outlines what he considers the best policy to ensure our security there. Some of his views have the flavor of power politics, though of an enlightened kind; he maintains, for instance, that an Anglo-American balance-of-power policy should be adhered to in the Mediterranean countries, but he argues that preserving the status quo in this way is necessary to achieve the equilibrium that is a prerequisite of world government.

THE TURNING STREAM, by Duncan Aikman (Doubleday). Mr. Aikman believes that the United States is on the eve of a period of fundamental political and sociological changes. In this ambulatory book, he explores the many directions that the changes might take, often digressing into personal reminiscence, reaching back into history when he feels like it, taking the opportunity to crack down on such American phenomena as the United States Chamber of Commerce and the Freedom Train, and making faces at a variety of dogmatists, from Karl Marx to Philip Wylie and Henry Luce. Long-winded, but in a rather nice way.

FORMS OF MODERN FICTION, edited by William Van O'Connor (University of Minnesota Press). An unusually good anthology, containing a number of bright and provocative essays by critics of contemporary literature. Among them are an analytical study of the world of William Faulkner, by Robert Penn Warren, that counteracts a lot of the nonsense written about that novelist, and a discerning piece by Mark Schorer on the nature

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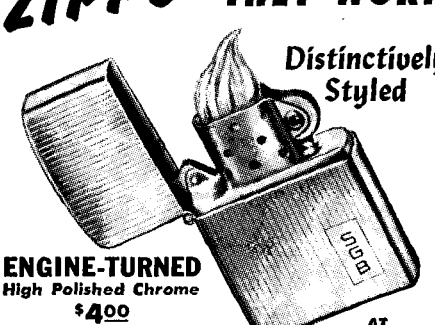

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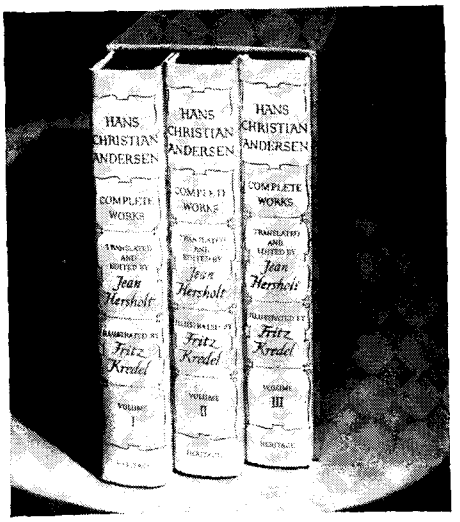

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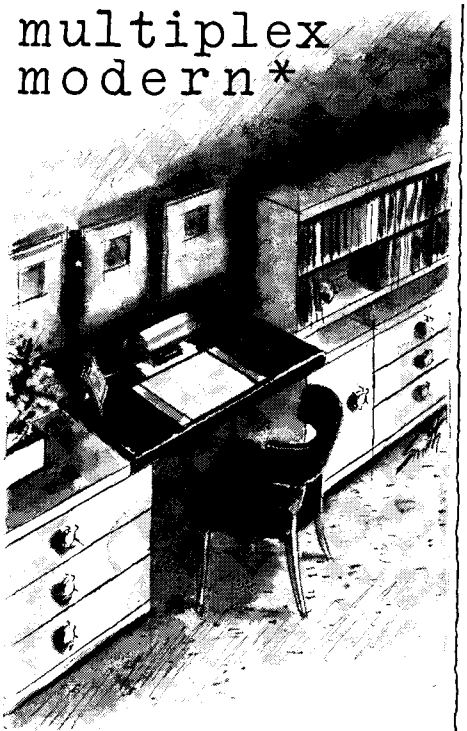

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MARVELOUS JOURNEY, by Samuel Putnam (Knopf). A survey of four hundred years of Brazilian literature, by probably the foremost North American authority on the subject. Because of the general unfamiliarity with the Portuguese language on the part of North Americans, Brazilian writers and poets are little known in this country, although, according to the author, there are many geniuses among them, including one, Machado de Assis, who is "one of the greatest writers of all time." In an effort to dispel this ignorance, Mr. Putnam has written a fine and stimulating book, which works in a generous historical and social background and manages to kindle in the reader a strong curiosity about Brazil's literary riches.

WARPATH AND COUNCIL FIRE, by Stanley Vestal (Random House). A lively narrative of the wars between the United States and the Plains Indians, which began with the collapse of the peace conference of 1851 and ended, nearly forty years later, when the tribesmen had to throw in the towel because of the systematic destruction of their commissary, the buffalo herds. Among the interesting passages Mr. Vestal serves up are accounts of the only three occasions in our history when an American military force has been completely wiped out—each time by the Sioux. Illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SAVAGE BREAST, by Manning Long (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Equal parts of mystery and obstetrics. The young Gordon Parrotts, one of the more sprightly detective couples, who are now about to have a baby, sublet the New York apartment of Mrs. Parrott's obstetrician, the inventor of a new kind of anesthetic, called 84-80. The doctor's concoction is eventually responsible for murder, blackmail, and a great deal of activity on the part of the Parrotts, who are just as lighthearted as might be expected about Mrs. Parrott's condition. Nicely plotted.

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